



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 17, No. 39 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 6, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5. }

Whole No. 871

Things in General

AN article of mine on swindling advertisements last week was either exceedingly opportune or directed to a serious evil. At any rate, in the House of Commons on Monday he introduced the following clause as an amendment to the Postal Act: "It shall not be lawful to transmit by mail any books, magazines, periodicals, circulars, newspapers or other publications which contain advertisements representing marvelous, extravagant or grossly improbable cures or curative or healing powers by means of medicines, appliances or devices referred to in such advertisements." The Opposition criticized it as press censorship, and wanted to know, if a publication were refused transmission through the mails, to whom an appeal could be made. Sir William Mulock said the power to prohibit such transmission would lie with the Postmaster-General, but that in the case of regular publications full warning would be given. Several members who evidently did not understand the case thought it would be a "serious interference with trade" and that the public could be relied upon to discriminate between good and bad remedies. The P. M. G. pointed out that the U. S. Post-office Department was about to put such a law in force, and that as the advertisements to which he referred appealed to the ignorant, the unsuspecting, and those so seriously diseased as to be easy victims, they should be protected. He gave as an instance an advertisement the heading of which I quoted in full last week, claiming for some person supernatural powers to save people from the jaws of death. As usual, Colonel Sam Hughes, who is something of a newspaper man, "butted in," claiming "free trade in reading and advertising." He is reported as saying, "Let the people read what they like and buy what they like." Such a policy would make the post-office a sewer through which filthy publications and pictures would be carried all over the country. If he still has a newspaper he would not dare, even if he were willing, to follow such a policy, and when he said that the farmers were able to protect themselves from fakirs the Postmaster-General gave him the good shot: "It takes the farmers of North Victoria a long time to find out some people." The clause passed, but the third reading was held over so that the newspapers could express an opinion with regard to it, though with a number of other important matters the clause dropped for this session in order to facilitate adjournment. The Postmaster-General told the House, however, that it would be introduced early next session, when it is to be hoped it will pass. This week again I have seen the advertisement, and I suppose it has continued to be published, even though the nature of it has received so much publicity. It seems to me difficult to account for the mental attitude of a respectable publisher who lends himself for pay to the dissemination of such misleading trash. If the publishers are willing to take pay for such stuff the taxpayers of Canada should not be willing to pay for its free distribution through the mails.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT made a serious mistake when, in his place in the House of Commons, he defended Jackson, the lawyer who was so scathingly rebuked for endeavoring improperly to buy the testimony of witnesses for an election trial in South Oxford. Jackson's offence, which approached the subornation of perjury, was not even the political limit and his conduct seemed to appeal to Judge Street as being singularly detestable. Jackson was rewarded with an appointment as a Canadian Commercial Agent in England by Sir Richard, who in his speech took the whole responsibility of the transaction. Sir Richard defended Jackson's offence as being by no means unusual in politics, and adopted a cynical tone which jarred on even the hardened offenders who listened to him. Politics are bad enough, as everyone who has dabbled in them can testify, but it is ill becomes an old man whose record has been particularly free from political crookedness to scandalize himself and his party by accepting any such degraded and degrading standard as the one by which he judged Jackson's offence. If politics have sunk to the depth which Sir Richard's speech would lead us to believe, it is time that some effort were made to drain the swamp of corruption where putrefying principles are strangling the good impulses and even the pride of such veterans as Sir Richard. If he has lost his clearness of vision in the dank mists of the evil-smelling bog of politics, if even he no longer breathes and speaks as if he were an honest man, having business, and above degrading tricks, what chance has a decent young fellow to survive the miasma which seems to hang heavy over all our political past? Sir Richard's speech and his retirement from politics should not be far apart.

A MONTH ago the "Catholic Register" demanded an investigation into the circumstances connected with the refusal of the Commissioners to continue Timothy O'Rourke's license. Though O'Rourke had been fined for illegal selling in his hotel in the Market, the "Register" intimated that others of a different race and religion were just as bad and were still licensed. "The case of Mr. O'Rourke," it said, "offers an excellent example of partiality and prejudice, and an investigation is in the public interest as well as in the best interests of temperance and public respect for the license law of the province." The "Register" characterized the taking away of O'Rourke's license as a "gross piece of injustice" and said "an insistent demand will, for ample cause, compel it (an investigation) sooner or later. There is no element of uncertainty in the issue." A month has passed, enquiry at the License Commissioners' office elicited the statement that nothing more had been heard of the matter, and the columns of the "Register" show no word or syllable of any further demand for an investigation. Why this cessation of hostilities? What has quieted the scandal? What subsequent events have put the "Register" in a more humble frame of mind? I suggested at the time that I was convinced that the "Register" was simply trying to bully the Commissioners, but that the investigation demanded by the organ of the Hierarchy should be granted and insisted upon. Unless the "Register" retracts its charges the Board of License Commissioners should force its hand. The public have some interest in knowing whether it was bluff, bullying, or a real grievance.

"S HALL CURFEW RING TO-NIGHT?" was rather an ill-chosen heading for an excellent letter which appeared recently in some of the daily papers, dealing with the streets of Toronto and other large cities as night-schools of vice. In human nature there is an innate and strong resentment of anything like compulsion, and "curfew" suggests the medieval rule which made everybody go indoors, put out the light and go to bed at eight or nine o'clock. Compulsion, however, is sometimes necessary, and, as the writer of the letter pointed out, compulsory education is a feature of our government. Many parents seem unaware or careless of the sanitary fact that youngsters up to the age of ten or twelve should be in bed at eight o'clock, and until they are fifteen or sixteen should retire at nine. Whether they are in bed or not, they should be at home or about the doorstep, if there is no private playground, and if it is necessary for them to have extra air and exercise they should take it in the morning, when the evil companions and influences of the night are unlikely to make themselves felt. No one who goes about the city in the late evening can fail to be struck by the swearing and cigarette-smoking by groups of embryo rowdies—boys who should be in bed. Dodging in and out of side streets and lanes one sees children of both sexes conducting themselves in a way that would destroy the reputation of grown people. Down town there are half a dozen blocks between Church and York and Adelaide and Wellington where girls between twelve and sixteen are altogether too numerous after dark. These are known to

the degraded men who use them as "chippies." This is an unpleasant subject, but if the writer of the "Curfew" letter is not wrong there were a thousand cases heard in the past year in the children's court in Toronto, and plain speaking is necessary. In the city of New York, with a population of nearly three and a half millions, last year only 7,647 cases were heard. The proportion is against Toronto, though probably the police may be stricter here than in the larger city. A gentleman who called upon me the other day and urged me to take up this question, told me that the hands of the police would be greatly strengthened by a law prohibiting children who cannot give an account of themselves as engaged in a special message, being allowed on the streets after eight or nine o'clock, according to their ages. If such a law would enable the police to keep pupils out of the school of vice which the streets become a part of our system of compulsory education. I have frequently maintained that the youngster is properly a ward of the State during the period of its primary education, and if the State has a right to see that it learns proper things it has also a right to insist upon it not learning wrong things. Unfortunately, many parents are unable to control their children, a state of things for which they are themselves largely responsible, yet when such a state of anarchy exists among children it is difficult to remedy it without the assistance of the police. The subject is so serious that it might well receive the attention of the W. C. T. U. and other kindred societies that it is to be feared waste considerable of their energy trying to obtain impracticable compulsion in less serious matters.

ALDERMAN WOODS is singularly unfortunate. Emerging from the civic investigation with his record in a bad state of repair, yet refusing to resign, he presented a demoralized and demoralizing spectacle which the daily papers characterized as "indecent." His only hope for reelection seemed to lie in the direction of pandering to the Labor vote, which too often goes to men whose only qualifica-

tion for office is a willingness to lie down and roll over every time the walking delegates tell them to do so. When the Fire and Lights Committee was requested to grant the fire brigade permission to form part of the procession on Labor Day, Chief Thompson fought manfully to have it refused and pointed out the danger from fires the city would incur if the men were taken off duty. Ald. Woods carelessly alleged that fires did not take place in the middle of the day, but the Eby-Blain fire did take place in the middle of the next day. This is where Ald. Woods' bad luck comes in. The two incidents together alarmed the press and the people, and the protests against the brigade joining in any parade have been so strong that a permanent stop to that sort of thing will probably be the result. The business men of Toronto pay very large insurance rates, and we were beginning to hope that the fire companies, with the restoration of confidence in the fire department, would cut down the exorbitant charges which are now being made for the carrying of risks. The Labor people's petition, Ald. Woods' foolish talk, and some bungling at the midday fire, have again alarmed the companies, and those who carry fire insurance will have to pay for it all. The Fire and Lights Committee ought to be wiped out and its business handed over to the Chief, the Board of Control and the City Council. Ald. Woods should be gently led out into a back township and encouraged to lose himself. The fire brigade will gain by less aldermanic interference and a thorough overhauling, and the fire insurance companies, it is to be hoped, may be convinced that they are now charging quite a bit more than "the traffic will bear."

THE RUSS-JAP war, which started out with the promise to produce a sensation every twenty-four hours, has degenerated into a rather pitiable affair. The gigantic Russia, a power which had the sympathy of scarcely anyone, partly because of its size, partly because of its sins, and partly because it is regarded as the arch-enemy of liberty and progress, has made so miserable a showing that something akin to sympathy is being aroused in the onlooker. It will be a relief to the rest of the world if Japan develops a little more speed and puts an end to the business as quickly as possible. So long as the bear was regarded as a real live and ferocious beast the hunt aroused interest; but since it was discovered that he is merely a tame and almost defenceless creature suffering from a very serious inward trouble, the element of sport has entirely disappeared and the Japanese hunt has developed into an exhibition of cruelty to a sick cub.

I HAVE frequently contended that civilization's belief in the sacredness of human life is more or less an empty profession. Civilized peoples are horrified, or profess to be, if a man is murdered with a knife, pistol or bomb, but thousands may die every day of overwork, old worry, destitution, an insidious disease, or almost any other thing, without attracting much, if any, attention or sympathy from that huge section of mankind which contributes a trifle towards



AT BAY.

Russia discovers that bear-baiting has not gone quite out of date.

is now reaping the harvest which it sowed. Of course it is shocking to hear of a man being blown to pieces by a bomb. We all have a natural prejudice against having our remains scattered over several counties, but Von Plehve even opposed the more humane impulses and disregarded the instructions of the Czar in his efforts to continue the policy of brute force. His predecessor was assassinated, and his successor will go the same way if he pursues the same policy, and everyone who loves liberty will feel sorrow for the self-immolation of the assassins than for the fate of the assassinated.

THERE are disquieting rumors afloat concerning the safety of the bridge over which the electric cars cross the Humber. Accidents on that suburban road are so numerous as to indicate careless management. The company is by far too eager in making money to make proper expenditures on its track and equipment. Possibly it is waiting to fix all the portions of the extended road at one time. Meanwhile there may be a terrible accident, and it is up to the company to do something, or at least say something, to restore public confidence.

TO be misunderstood is an unhappier situation than to be opposed on a clearly defined issue. I have a letter which hurts because it comes from a man of education and intelligence, and suggests that if I am misunderstood by him others may be likewise mistaken in my attitude. I quote the first paragraph of his letter: "I always read your comments on things in general, and I read so little there of a nature to shock my sense of fairness that I am going to ask you, as I did in connection with the Sturgeon Falls difficulty, to think again whether you are not evidently in the wrong in some of your remarks of last week in reference to the Province of Quebec, Separate schools, and matters Roman Catholic generally. You say the Act of Confederation was a series of compromises. A compromise is a settlement of differences by mutual concessions. Are you prepared to say that a compromise should be held less sacred than any other contract? You say the Act is admittedly defective. Being a human production the discovery of defects will occasion no surprise."

I am not prepared to say that a compromise should be held less sacred than any other contract. I spoke of the B. N. A. Act as a compromise to show that it was not generally satisfactory at the time it was made, and my further arguments were merely to show that it is less satisfactory now. I did not say nor intimate that Quebec's representation in the House of Commons being made the unit by which at every decennial census the representation of the other provinces should be judged, was unjust, but spoke of the appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council by Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick as showing their dissatisfaction. As my correspondent says, the representation of Quebec was made the unit, but that unit is as satisfactory as any abstract unit could be. I should be very sorry indeed to have any racial element

imported into what I have said, and I do not publish that portion of his letter dealing with the constitution of the House of Commons, because I entirely agree with him and said nothing open to any other construction.

"Barrister" enquires: "Why should Protestants just now greatly concern themselves about the Christian Brothers? It appears that a Roman Catholic citizen has taken the kindly reminder that I have no prejudice against any religious order, whether of a teaching or preaching sort, so long as it keeps itself out of the politics or the pay of the State. A Provincial Commission reported in 1895 that the Christian Brothers teaching in Ottawa were inefficient. What I desired to call attention to was the fact that the Government of this province had continued paying out of the legislative grant to education, large sums to schools in which inefficient and uncertificated teachers were employed."

I have stated that "the same Act of Confederation places schools in Ontario," and it is unnecessary to argue that point. I think the remainder of the letter is sufficiently answered in another article. If it does not state it with sufficient clearness, let me tell "Barrister" right here that I do not propose "to lead an agitation for the abrogation of this compromise" in any spirit except that of abandoning the concession yielded to Ontario in the making of the deal. The Protestants of Quebec were given the privilege of Separate schools in that province, where the State schools are Roman Catholic, on condition that the Roman Catholics received Separate schools in this province, where the Public schools are secular. I do not consider the bargain was a fair one or that either province had the right to permanently impose such a condition on the other. Indeed, an admittedly defective document such as the B. N. A. Act should be amendable, just as capital punishment for sheep-stealing and many mistaken statutes re contracts were open to amendment, and have been amended, for the general good. However, if "Barrister" will take the trouble to follow what is being said on this subject I think he need have no fear that anything unfair or revolutionary will be proposed.

ON Friday, the day after the assassination of Von Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, an interesting and doubtless accurate picture of the explosion of the bomb, the destruction of the carriage and its occupants, the terror of the horses, etc., appeared in the "News" of this city, doubtless cabled over from its artist on the spot, signed "Yelagh," which is presumably the Russian for yellow. It is difficult to estimate the difficulties and expense connected with such a stroke of enterprise. The "News" as one would gather from reading its editorials, is on terms of the greatest possible intimacy with all the crowned heads and diplomatic magnates worth mentioning, yet it is really startling to find that, having been apprised of the intentions of the assassin, it was enabled to have an artist on hand, who successfully transmitted his picture within forty-eight hours to the paper employing him. It is said that he also cabled over a large supply of fragments of Von Plehve, the horses, harness, carriage and bystanders, which will be presented to the first ten thousand new subscribers who make application at the "News" office, editorial department.

LAST week at the W. C. T. U. convention at Grimsby a paper was read by one of the ladies on "How to Advance Reform Legislation at Ottawa." An evening paper, in reporting the address, says: "It was a story of untiring, watchful effort of women who are fighting an evil for the protection of the youth of the country, and are handicapped at every turn by sex, lack of experience and knowledge of political and legal tactics." Of course the speaker referred to the campaign against the manufacture, sale and use of cigarettes. Her reference to the handicap under which the ladies labor causes me some surprise. I believe this handicap is quite imaginary. Indeed, it seems almost certain that if the anti-cigarette bill now before the House had been inspired by men instead of women, it would have been thrashed out, together with the promoter, months ago. That set of Beau Brummels who represent the people at Ottawa can't find it in their hearts to treat a lady rudely, so they let the bill hang fire and jolly it along in the hope that it will finally die of old age, and thus relieve them of an unpleasant duty. But if the W. C. T. U. should persist in the belief that they are at a disadvantage on account of their sex, there is still the hope to comfort them that the chief characteristics of that hampering sex are rapidly disappearing from their ranks. When women go seriously into politics and devote their attention almost exclusively to affairs that should only concern men, while race suicide, children running the streets at night, and other practices which can be best controlled by women, are permitted to flourish without female opposition, the day is not far distant when all reference to distinctions between the sexes will have ceased to convey intelligent meaning.

UNDER the editorial heading "Reviving the Old Agitation," months the "News" and "Telegram" of Toronto, along with the "Catholic Register" of the 28th ult., says: "For other so-called 'independent' champions of a fresh agitation party, have been engaged in promoting a fresh agitation against the Catholic Separate schools of this province. The 'Telegram' sent a commissioner all over Ontario and into Quebec, to find, or manufacture, some Protestant grievances, with, however, the most disappointing results. In Montreal all the color that could be daubed over the facts failed to hide the truth, that Separate schools of the Protestant minority in French Canada are treated with pronounced generosity. Likewise the Separate schools of the Protestant minority in Eastern Ontario have nothing to complain of. No ground whatever for a renewal of discussion and agitation has been uncovered. But despite the unbroken peace of existing conditions, the journals mentioned have kept hammering at every incident that offers even the remotest semblance of excuse for the employment of their remarkable zeal in behalf of public education. They have made it pretty plain, in fact, that this agitation has some organization and political purpose behind it."

"Edmund E. Sheppard, in 'Saturday Night,' makes the confession fully and for what it is worth. In the introduction to a long, rambling and irrelevant article—the first of a series—on the recent decision of Mr. Justice MacMahon, he says, etc."

After quoting a portion of the introduction of the article it discusses, the "Register" goes on to say: "If Mr. Sheppard is behind the scenes with the 'News' and 'Telegram' he must judge the present movement propitious for proclaiming 'the formative stage' of a deliberately 'conducted agitation.' It is well to know this. It is well also to have confessed the old, threadbare pretences half-hidden behind ignorance and knavery under which war is to be reopened upon the 'Hierarchy' without prejudice to the Church and her members. Mr. Sheppard is not clever enough to juggle words successfully in this connection. The confession may be likened for incoherent imbecility to the confession of the anarchist who fired upon the President without prejudice to the Republic."

As to the "News" and "Telegram," they are quite able to take care of themselves; if there is any political intrigue to revive the old agitation I know nothing of it. If the "Telegram" has had a commissioner hunting for Protestant grievances in Quebec and has found nothing but "that Separate schools of the Protestant minority in French Canada are treated with pronounced generosity," he has simply failed to discover the truth. If those of the Protestant minority in Eastern Ontario are forced to have Separate schools they certainly have something to complain of, and the Department of Education should explain. Neither the Hierarchy nor the Ontario Government have a right, constitutionally or otherwise, to force non-Catholics in Ontario to establish Separate schools in order to avoid the teaching of religious dogma in public institutions. All these matters

will be treated at the proper time and in the proper place. Should I try to deal with them now I might again be accused of "a long, rambling and irrelevant article." As to the "Register's" failure to observe the conventionalities of editorial debate by elaborately spelling out the name of a person who is accused of "inherent imbecility" and is likely to have still worse epithets hurled at him, there can be no difference of opinion; the people of this country, no matter whether trained in the Public or Separate schools, know something about good manners. The "Register" is quite right when it says I am "not clever enough to juggle words successfully." It is not a part of my business. I had not thought I was open to the charge of being "rambling," "irrelevant," or of "inherent imbecility," but I am at least certain that those who read what I write do not accuse me of juggling with words or any attempt to hide my meaning. It should not be necessary to notify a religious newspaper that I do not intend to be bullied, or to say that if there is any repetition of charges of bigotry or a renewal of personal attacks, or such descriptive epithets as a "mud geyser in eruption," I shall feel very much inclined, in an article dedicated to that purpose, to show what I can do in a similar line myself. I hope, however, that should this controversy continue I will be able to conduct it as if the "Register" were edited by gentlemen.

That the article was perfectly fair and accurate has not been denied. That it represented the views of progressive Catholics is admitted by the "Register" in an article on "Separate School Teachers." In a paragraph endorsing Hon. Mr. Scott's suggestion "that it would meet with more general approval if the members of the order (Christian Brothers) submitted to the examination prescribed by the Department of Education," the "Register" says, "This has been urged for years by the more progressive of the trustees of our Separate schools. They felt that no ground for reproach whatever should be left to our adversaries." Indeed, the same is true of more than one of the troubles which have done much harm in the past. However, better late than never! This last application of the good may result in the doing away at an early date with the state of affairs which has been regarded for many years as a grievance by Catholic teachers who have passed the test of the Education Department, and is undesirable, to say the least, by a large number of the most earnest supporters of Separate schools." This is an absolute admission of the case I made out as regards lay Catholic teachers holding proper qualifications.

In another article in the same paper headed "A Constitutional Issue," the "Register" says, "Whether the courts may finally decide that the law is rightly or wrongly interpreted by Mr. Justice MacMahon, the supporters of Catholic Separate schools will uphold right principles, and recognize also the examinations prescribed by the Department of Education as the standard of efficiency in this province." What is right now has always been right, and this admission means nothing less than that the bishops in disregarding the Government test of efficiency in the past have been doing wrong. Furthermore, the article states that as Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision violates the B. N. A. Act it must be appealed, for "if allowed to stand under such circumstances the judgment given in Osgoode Hall might be turned to unfair use, thus creating a grievance that does not now exist and is not anticipated by Catholic school supporters." By the sudden change of front of its organ it is evident that the Hierarchy still insists on maintaining its old privileges while preparing to yield if it must. The bishops are most dangerous when they appear to yield. It is their policy to ride over critical periods by feigning submission, which means nothing but that they will resume their old policy and return to the same old aggressions the moment the public mind has been quieted.

While I have no intention of writing at such length on this question, involving the ultimate revision of the British North America Act, as to weary my readers, I propose as time and space permit to show:

(1) How and why the people of Ontario and Quebec should attempt, in the most neighborly spirit and with entire freedom from racial and religious animosities, to get together and discuss the possibility of removing from the Church in both provinces all special privileges. In Quebec the Church has the privilege of collecting tithes, practically taxing adherents for the support of the Church. This "right" is felt by a very large proportion of the Catholics to be oppressive and entirely out of harmony with this century, and is being abolished in France. It is generally felt in Quebec that the schools are inefficient and that French-Canadians are handicapped in life's struggles by too much catechism and too little arithmetic. It is a mistaken idea, prevalent in Ontario, that the Hierarchy can drag down the French-Canadians as they please. The efforts of the bishops to defeat Laurier were as violent as they were ineffectual. Of course the people of Quebec can themselves remedy the evils from which they suffer, without any assistance or interference from Ontario, but I am convinced that a movement in both provinces to secularize the Public Schools and to separate the Church from the State—no matter whether

the Church be Protestant or Catholic—could be made popular and effective, and would be the first attempt of the elements of true liberalism in both provinces to work together.

(2) In the event of joint action being impossible, I shall endeavor to show how this province could thoroughly justify its petition to the Imperial Parliament for the abrogation of the clause of the B. N. A. Act making Separate schools supported by taxes possible. The schools in Quebec which occupy the same position in that province as the Public Schools do here, are Roman Catholic. This makes Separate schools for those who do not wish their children to be taught Roman Catholicism, absolutely necessary. In Ontario the State schools are so conducted as not to offend the religious faith of anybody—though there is unceasing clamor by a fussy few to have religion introduced—and Roman Catholic Separate schools are unnecessary except as a portion of the propaganda of the Church, in which the State should have no part.

(3) The North-West Territories would some time ago have been given their autonomy and provincial privileges were it not for the demand of the Hierarchy for the permanent imposition of Separate schools upon the unwilling people of the West. When the Territories were organized a measure of compliance with the demand for Separate schools was incorporated in the statute. The aggression of the bishops in the management of these Separate schools has been restrained in every possible manner by the Assembly elected by the people and meeting in Regina. In the hope that the Territories anxious for provincial status would yield to the demand of the Hierarchy for such a Separate school system as they desire, autonomy has been withheld, much to the irritation and discouragement of the Western settlers. Must the people of the North-West be refused the rights and liberties which belong to them, at the instance of a group of bishops who desire to extend a pernicious system from which Ontario would be glad to escape?

THE "Mail and Empire" seems to be particularly tickled with the phrase, "Keep the Union Jack," and injects it into its editorials everywhere. If the "M. and E." would keep both hands on the Union Jack and stuff the whole bunch—flag, fists and all—into its silly mouth it would oblige a long-suffering public, and do less harm to the political party it is supposed to serve.

A "GLOBE" editorial of Tuesday entitled "A Case of Literary Allusion" is instructive to those who are interested in the workings of a great mind. A considerable quotation is given from a letter written to the editor pronouncing a beautiful "appreciation" published of a distinguished professor recently deceased. One phrase, "his own gray spirit," in a sentence in the "appreciation" which is pronounced a "gem," appears to have staggered the correspondent, who says he "read it over and over again, each time feeling more sure that it was no misprint but that it had a background of literary allusion with which he ought to be familiar." The interesting part of the article is the pains which the editor takes to show the workings of his mind, in producing "an almost unconscious glint from a line in Tennyson's 'Ulysses.'" Psychologically he dissects himself for about half a column, and it is really absorbing to notice the convolutions of so great a brain unwound under the microscope of its possessor's editorial hand. "His own gray spirit" appears to have been an unremembered line amongst tens of thousands of other unremembered lines of ancient and modern poetry and forgotten lore with which this wonderful mind is stored. It appears also that to this great brain, when evolving an article, suitable fragments of poetry and prose come unbidden and manifest themselves on the written page. In conclusion, a long moral is appended urging "upon teachers and parents and all who care for the real education of their young the inestimable importance, for the purposes of true culture as well as in the interests of literary expression, of making the young mind familiar with the best things in the best literature." A complete list of everything literary in "undiluted wells of literature" is given as necessary to produce as great and beautiful a brain and mind as those of the great and beautiful editor. To be as great as he, one must browse on Olympus and pasture on Parnassus. Summed up, this case of "literary allusion" runs something in this way: If the "appreciation" had not been written the letter would not have come regarding it. If the letter had not come the editor might have not known what a "gem" it was. If he had not known it was a gem he would not have taken to thinking how he thought, and if he had not thought how he thought he would not have thought of how much he thought of himself; and if he had not thought of how much he thought of himself, he would not have thought how much other people should think like he thought himself. And if he had not thought how other people should think he would not have thought to tell them what to read so that they could think great things such as he himself think. The editorial is a classic, and as a case of "literary allusiveness" it probably has no equal except that standard epic, "The Edifice That John Erected," vulgarly known as "The House that Jack Built." I had better waste out of this subject before it gets too deep for me, or I may betray the fact that my admittedly classical education was largely acquired in school section No. 13, Tamarack Township.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S literary efforts during the last two or three years leave room for the suspicion that the Kipling of ten years ago is dead and that some junior reporter bought the literary rights to the late author's name from the widow. True, Kipling may be still alive—he may be only suffering from an attack of swelled head—but whichever it is the public is being victimized. That wad of so-called poetry which was cabled out to this country the other day—at fifteen cents a word—is a kind of thing he has been grinding out since the beginning of the South African War. Perhaps it is a little worse than most of his later stuff, but not much. The question a good many of us are asking, however, is: Why should such limping, ragged, lop-eared jingle as his "Once On A Time There Was A Man" be thought worth the cable rates necessary to transmit it to Canada? Why, also, should it be printed when it arrives here? There is scarcely a verse-writer on any Toronto daily paper who can't write just as bad stuff any day. In fact, had Mr. Kipling's latest production been turned out by a local man, the chances are it would have been blue-pencilled by the city editor. Because Kipling was a good writer ten years ago should be no reason for cabling all over the world every piece of doggerel he happens to work off to-day.

A LETTER from Dr. W. E. Inksetter, a subscriber living at Alajuela, Costa Rica, offers a novel expedient and quite clearly explains itself: "Your article in 'Saturday Night' of July 2, concerning a Canadian unit, prompts me to communicate, very briefly, a theory that I have long held in regard to a rational monetary unit. You have advocated the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures so often that I only need to say that my theory is to introduce a monetary system in it, by making the gramme of fine gold the unit. The value of a gramme of gold is, approximately, .66 of the Canadian dollar, and its decimal divisions and multiplications are only a part of the metric system. The advantages of such a unit would be its convenient size and the simplicity of reducing the values of foreign moneys to the same standard. Auri gramme or orogram might serve as a name, while cents and mills would have the same significance as in the various decimal systems in use at present."

IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.

Rome's Tactics in France and the Philippines.

FRANCE, long known as the "Elder Daughter of the Church," for so we time has been preparing for a complete separation of Church and State, and the announcement last Saturday that the Government had addressed a note to the Papal Nuncio in Paris severing the relations between France and the Vatican, is by no means a surprise. The note stated, "After (on several occasions pointed out) the serious blows struck at the Government rights under the concordat by the Vatican's dealing directly with the French bishops without consultation with the power with whom the concordat was signed, and seeing that the Pontifical Secretary of State in his reply of July 25 affirmed those proceedings, the Republican Government has decided to conclude official relations, which at the Holy See's desire had become objectless." Cardinal Merry del Val, known in Canada as the Papal Ablegate at Ottawa, answered that an order to leave Paris would be telegraphed to Mr. Lorenzelli, and accordingly the Nuncio left the capital of France last Saturday night. Thus in France, where the Protestant minority

is exceedingly small, the Government has not only expelled the religious orders which refused to register under the new law, but has broken with the Vatican, and the whole Government will be absolutely secularized, which means much in a country where the clergy were salaried officials, the Minister of Public Worship a member of the Cabinet, and diplomatic relations were kept up with the Vatican as if it really possessed temporal power. The introduction of a new law which is being formulated will affirm: "The republic assures freedom of conscience, and it guarantees the free exercise of religion without restriction, except for the perversion of public order. The republic will neither protect nor pay salaries nor subventions under any form whatever to any denomination. It will not recognize any minister of religion, and will not furnish any building for the services of any denomination or for the lodging of any of its ministers."

By its arrogance the Vatican has lost the recognition of France and the large amount of money that has been paid by the Government to the clergy, amounting to nearly \$7,500,000 annually for 80 prelates, 850 superior clergy, and 31,000 priests and others, making a total of over 42,000 of Church "officials." The crisis was brought about by the Vatican continuing to have direct relations with the French bishops without recognizing the Government which paid them, and this, too, in spite of the concordat, which was practically a treaty. The Vatican not only assumes to have temporal power, but it arrogates that temporal power as being superior to the temporal or any other power possessed by any other government. All of which goes to show that no matter how much is yielded to Rome, it still demands more, and in every nation in the world excepting Canada its insatiable demands are being met with rebukes such as that which has just been administered by France, where the Vatican, possessing great power and abusing it by intriguing against the Government, has now found itself divested of even a vestige of temporal authority.

In the Philippine Islands.

The extent to which Rome conspires against the government of democracies, no matter how friendly or tolerant they may be, is shown by an article in a recent issue of the "Argonaut," a subscriber in the Philippines having sent that paper what it calls an "instructive and illuminating printed document" in Spanish. I quote the "Argonaut's" article descriptive of the document headed "A Solemn Detestation": "It is a proclamation of the Roman Catholic Church, under the hand of the Apostolic delegate, 'Solemne Detestacion de los Principales Errores y Herejias de Nuestra Edad' ('Solemn Detestation of the Principal Errors and Heresies of Our Day') runs its title. For the enlightenment of those who have looked upon the religious question as one merely of form in those parts of the Pacific, we print some examples of what the genuine son of the Church Philippine detests."

"I condemn and detest the errors and heresies of Martin Luther and of his cursed reform," is the way this pamphlet for the use of the faithful begins. The 'English schism,' the 'French revolution,' and the 'constitutions of the modern states or republics which hold the same principles' follow. Presumably the United States is included in this somewhat generous definition. Freemasonry is next, and then a curse so wide, so deep, and so fervent as to include 'popular sovereignty,' 'universal suffrage,' and the 'rule of the majority.' In a by-anathema, almost hidden in the mass of more highly colored 'detestations' is one against 'freedom of worship.'

"Passing over some minor fulminations, mere grumbings, so to speak, we come to Article IV, of this plain-spoken 'Detestacion,' which says: 'Detesto la maldita libertad de hablar e imprimir.'—I detest the accursed liberty of speech and of the press.' Liberty of education is cheek by jowl with liberty of the press in this condemnation, with the somewhat unnecessary remark, in view of the present example, that 'in the church alone rests the right of teaching dogma and morality.' From what goes before, it would appear that this was more in the nature of a mere pedagogical bump to the understanding than an argument. 'La libertad de conciencia' and 'el principio de la tolerancia' are the next Western dogmas to be knocked ineffectually on the head by the resounding detestation and condemnation.

"This last is unkind. It is taking too much credit away from the United States, and makes us feel as if, after all, when we boast of our tolerance, we were playing the game of a weakling. But the nouns are mostly feminine, and it's not in the blood of our breed to hit a woman. Therefore let Tolerance and Liberty, ladies both, fall under the ban of the church for their naughtiness, but let the secular arm be stayed."

"There are to be observed other frail abstracts of the Western world which fall under the impartial anathema of this remarkable weapon of a church. Equality, brotherhood of man, and liberty, the blessed sisters of many a congressional speech, are blackened irredeemably. They are said to deny to God his just dues of public worship and to assume that all religions are alike. Those who would be drawn astray by these specious fallacies of republicanism are warned that there is but 'one truth, which is the catholic, apostolic, and Roman,' and menaced with 'anarchy' if they do not fall into line."

"The last part of this thirteen-page confession of the faith of the Catholic Church in the Philippines is an 'Act of Reparation' and an 'Oration.' In these lie the gist of the whole matter."

"The 'Reparation,' after reciting a credo, goes on to say that Lucifer is abroad, waging wars without truces against the church, its creed, 'human liberty and conscience, and all classes of society, specially the poor and the weak.' And lest Uncle Sam be not fully recognized under this guise of Lucifer, the Act concludes with the words, 'apostates, heretics, schismatics y de todos los enemigos de la Iglesia Catolica, Apostolica, Romana.'"

Latterly comes the 'Oration.' Here the faithful pray for the following, deep in the darkness of American rule:

"The youth exposed to loss of faith;
"Little children abandoned to godless teachers;
"Orphans, the poor, the aged, the infirm, and the dying, who are without protection;
"Peoples deprived of the spiritual aids of the Catholic Church;

"Filipinos fallen into heresy or schism;
"Filipinos fallen into the pit of indifference and unbelief;
"Zealous priests and valiant laymen who have not backslid;
"All Catholics that they unite against the enemies of Christ's Kingdom."

"And to the one who will recite the 'Act of Reparation' or the 'Oration,' the Most Reverend and Illustrious Apostolic Delegate will grant 100 days' indulgence, 200 days for the recital of both, and plenary indulgence for those who will keep it up for a year. That's the promise given at the very end of the book."

"The thing most emphasized throughout this solemn detestation is the claim to the temporal power. This shows that our mail system is not perfect in the islands yet. Evidently the newspapers do not circulate as they should."

In view of the publication of this startling but exceedingly old-fashioned document—applicable here in Canada as well as in the Philippines, though concealed in democratic civilization—let the fact be recalled that the friars in the Philippines by their greed in amassing much money and aggrandizing to themselves most enormous estates, had driven the Filipinos into rebellion, and the natives were struggling more to be free from the rule of the friars than to be quit of Spain when the Spanish-American war broke out. When the United States foolishly stepped in and paid \$20,000,000 for the islands they inherited this row, and the Church seems to be quietly stirring up the cauldron of ignorance, superstition and hate, and making the task of the pacification and education of the islands even more difficult than under Spanish rule.

DON.

Chips.

Pat—If I lived at the Wallehoff-Astoria I'd order boiled bacon for dinner.

Mike—You're a fool! Yez gets boiled bacon for dinner now.

Pat—If I lived at the Wall-doff-Astoria I'd order boiled bacon for dinner, and when they brought it I'd throw it away, and I'd say: "Tell wid the Beef Trust! Bring me a fried porterhouse steak, with smothered onions."

Mike—"Tis a king yez ought to be, Pat; yez has such mighty grand ideas!"

"And every living thing was drowned except what went into the ark," explained the Sunday School teacher.

"Fishes, too!" queried a small pupil.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

MILLINERY GLOVES CORSETS

Paris Kid Glove Store

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The Strip Floor

we sell is made of selected oak, inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

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Made in Canada

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Also Sun-Burst,
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FURS

We do not expect you to grow too enthusiastic about furs right now—but it's your advantage and ours to remind you that August is the last month that special summer prices rule in the show-rooms and it is the last month in which we give special summer figures for re-modelling, re-styling and repairing fur garments. If you're considering having anything done to your fur jacket, cloak or set, we'd advise your having it done this month, not only for the saving to you in money, but your work can be given more attention than when we are driving busy in the fur season—and then you'll have your fur just when you need them first. Bring them in or let us send for them.

Fairweather
84 and 86 Yonge Street

SOCIETY

Judge Anglin and family have taken a cottage on the Lake Shore road, Center Island, for the month of August.

Mr. J. W. Flavell of Toronto and Mr. William Flavell of Lindsay, with their families, are enjoying a cruise in the north, proceeding from Minden through the picturesque waters of that district.

Professor Milner and Mrs. Milner have taken a cottage at Sturgeon Point for the summer.

Mrs. James Drew and Miss Julia Berne of New Orleans are among the popular Southern visitors at Grimsby Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadley have gone to Muskoka for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. James are at the Royal Muskoka.

Miss Gilford of Washington, D.C., is the guest of Mrs. William Kirby, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

At Long Branch one of the most interesting and popular features is "children's night," when the kiddies in the grace and propriety of their fancy dancing are quite a model to some of the elder romps. The concerts are also an unusual attraction. Miss Ruby Pennington and Mr. Donald C. Macgregor winning laurels as entertainers. There are many young athletes at this resort, even the smallest boys having caught the bores fever and going in for training in a surprising fashion, with a vision of Diamond Sculls dancing before them. It's rather amusing to hear these eleven-year-olds bragging of their muscle and despising "brats," and strains if they can only "win out."

Mrs. Valancey Fuller of New York is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Walter Murray of London, England, who, with her mother, Mrs. Coxwell, is in pension at 44 Isabella street for the summer.

Dr. A. Orr Hastings of Sherbourne street sailed by the "Arabic" from New York last week for England, where he will join Mrs. Hastings, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grafton of Dundas, has been enjoying several months in the Old Country. Dr. and Mrs. Hastings will return to Toronto early in September.

Mrs. A. M. Moore of Spadina avenue has sailed for Glasgow by the "Columbia." She expects to spend some time with her son, Mr. Harold A. Moore, in London, England.

Mrs. Forbes Geddes is spending the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

According to "Citoyenne," Canada is to be favored with a visit from an English "markswoman," Miss Lewis of Staines, who has been making a record at Bisley. She is a member of one of the numerous rifle clubs for ladies, which were the outcome of the war in South Africa. She is coming to Canada in search of good sport, and, of course, intends to go clear across the continent to the Rockies. We are informed that rifle clubs are quite the thing for English women, and are being prescribed by doctors as a kind of nerve tonic. The man who has been annering all these years at the feminine inability to aim right may well tremble when Phyllis joins a rifle club. When lovely woman takes to "gunning," as one English paper has already remarked, "the affair is likely to go off well."

On Wednesday, July 27, a pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Charles McDougall in Guelph, when his daughter, Mary Alice, became the wife of Mr. Leonard S. Klink of the State Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Tovell, assisted by the bride's brother, Rev. W. C. McDougall of St. Thomas. The drawing room was decorated with palms and marguerites, and six little girls, holding a daisy chain, formed an aisle for the bride. The bride looked extremely graceful in a gown of cream crepe de Chine trimmed with lace and embroidered chiffon, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her cousin, Miss Edna Tolton, acted as flower girl, wearing a dainty gown of white lawn and lace and carrying a basket of pink roses. The sister of the bride, Miss Gertrude McDougall, played the "Wedding March" as the bride and groom advanced up the aisle of flowers. Luncheon was served in a marquee on the lawn, which was decorated in pink and white, with large clusters of amaranth and sweet peas. The bride's going-away gown was of grey cloth, with grey turban to match.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Ludwig and their little daughter sailed Tuesday on the "Campana" from Montreal for Nova Scotia, where they will spend the summer.

The month of August is not exactly one of the bridal favorites of the year, but this week has been unusually marked with weddings. On Tuesday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, 199 Beverley street, Miss Amy Margaret Brandon, eldest daughter of Mr. James Brandon, was married to Donald McKinnon McKinnon of Broadview avenue. The bride wore a pretty costume of white silk eolienne over white taffeta and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Mary Hollinrake of Milton and Miss Marion Brandon, wore dainty gowns of white lawn over silk, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Miss Helen Isabel Brandon of New York was a charming little flower girl, wearing a gown of white muslin over rose silk. Mr. Edgar Brandon acted as best man, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. Speer, D.D., of McCaul Street Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. J. T. Morris and Rev. W. Gilroy. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated with palms and white roses, and during the ceremony the bride and groom stood beneath a canopy of smilax from which hung a bell of white carnations and roses.

On Monday last at Brockville Mr. Alan Gilmour, one of the most popular of the present Upper Canada boys, who is summering at Brockville, was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Canadian Humane Society for the rescue from drowning on June 30 last of J. H. Stewart, law student of Osgoode Hall. Mr. Gilmour is one of the most popular boys at the U.C.C. with everyone, as well as one of the brightest in the class-room, and is to be congratulated for his heroism.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is coming over to attend the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Boston early in October, will arrive in New York, August 27 or 28, and before the con-

vention will visit President Roosevelt and Lord Minto. While in New York he will preach in Trinity Church. There has been a good deal of discussion in Boston as to the proper place for the Primate's residence while in attendance at the convention.

The engagement is announced in Ottawa of Miss Amy Ritchie, daughter of the late Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice, and Lady Ritchie, to Mr. J. F. Smellie.

Lord and Lady Minto and the vice-regal party will leave Quebec next week for the preserves of the Tourist Fish and Game Club. The party consists of eleven members and will probably remain at the club-house for two weeks if prorogation of the House of Commons does not take place within the time.

Lord and Lady Northwick, who have been guests at the Chateau Frontenac, sailed for England by the "Tunisian" last week.

Miss Playter of New York, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Playter of Crawford street, has gone to Ottawa to stay with her sister, Mrs. Archibald Lampman, at her pretty Rockcliffe cottage.

Mrs. W. S. Ellis and Miss Jessie Ellis of Kingston are the guests of Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Cobourg. Mr. Stuart Polson and Mr. Douglas Ellis, who were also their guests, have returned to Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh are spending their holidays in Quebec Province.

Lady Ruby Elliot was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of her cousin, Viscount Dunluce, to Miss Margaret Isabel Talbot, which took place recently at Arkle Church, Kent. Viscount Dunluce is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Antrim and Miss Talbot is the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. J. C. Talbot, M.P. for Oxford University, a niece of the Colonial Secretary and granddaughter of the fourth Lord Lytton.

Colonel and Mrs. Higbee left for Maplehurst this week and on their return from Muskoka will be at "Iver Holme."

Everyone is glad to hear that the reports regarding Sir Wilfrid Laurier's illness are entirely incorrect. The Premier is feeling somewhat weary in consequence of the long session, as are all the members. As soon as the House is prorogued he will go down the St. Lawrence for a rest.

At St. Philip's Church last Tuesday morning Miss Edith Charlton was married to Mr. Reginald W. Eyre. The bride was given away by Mr. J. W. Curry, and Rev. Canon Sweeney performed the ceremony. The bride, who wore a pretty traveling gown of navy blue cloth, was attended by her sister, Miss Mabel Charlton, and Mr. J. T. Eastwood acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Eyre left for Lewiston and St. Louis and on their return will reside at the Alexandria.

A quiet wedding took place at Balmy Beach last Monday when Miss Teresa Gallagher was married to Dr. Charles K. Clarke, superintendent of Rockwood Hospital, Kingston. The bride and groom are spending the honeymoon in Muskoka and New Ontario.

Mrs. Charles Riggs has left for a few weeks' visit to Syracuse and Glen Haven, N.Y.

According to English news Lieutenant Hill of the Scots Guards has found his marriage a source of regimental disturbance. One paper says: "Young Lieutenant Hill of the Scots Guards, who married the widow of Sam Lewis, the money-lender, has done everything that he could to propitiate his brother officers, but in vain. They tried him by rock court-martial last month for engaging himself to marry without their consent. Hill, who was poor and got into the Guards on merit, not through social pull, and who distinguished himself at the Modder River battle in the Boer war, spiritedly told his inquisitors that he had already decided to quit soldiering if they had not without regret from brother officers who had the bad taste to meddle in his personal private affairs. It is shrewdly guessed that the regiment was to have constantly in its midst a man who was helping to spend the \$200,000 left by the 'greatest Shylock of modern times,' no inconsiderable part of which fortunes they had contributed themselves. Lieutenant Hill afterwards concluded he wanted to continue a soldier and even went so far as to write to King Edward, begging him to intercede for him so that he might remain with the regiment. But the King answered that he could not interfere."

The Civic Holiday was a very quiet day in Toronto, thousands of the citizens being on the lake and large crowds going down to Cobourg, Lindsay and Peterboro', where "Old Boys" celebrated with right good will.

Miss Bessie Keefe of Ottawa, who has been visiting in Hamilton, spent a few days at "Coolmine," the guest of Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Morris.

Lord Monk Bretton, who is at the King Edward, was entertained on Monday by Mr. E. B. Osler.

The marriage of Mr. F. W. Henry of Belfast, Ireland, and Mrs. S. Harper of Borden street, will take place at South Side Presbyterian Church on August 17, and will be a quiet nature, owing to a recent family bereavement.

Mrs. Vaux and Miss Vaux sailed from New York last Saturday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Kent are spending the summer at "Cardova Villa," their pretty home at Lorne Park.

The Misses Smellie of Center Island are spending a fortnight at De Grassi Point, the guests of Mrs. George McMurrich.

Miss A. Laurine E. Richardson and Miss Lillian A. French of College street are spending some weeks at Stag Island, Michigan.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered. The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light is in evidence of this. It is becoming so general that those who usually have the best that is to be had, are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric only" idea. The reliable services furnished by the local electric light company justify this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

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If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.
The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.
One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

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Do you know that the Grand Trunk have 33 trains leaving Toronto every day and same number arriving? Whether you are going east, west, north or south, you will find unexcelled service. At the tourist resorts of America can be reached via this line and connections, and to many it is the only route.

Before planning your vacation trip obtain copy of "Tourist Routes and Fares," giving information for several hundred tours. Toronto city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, or copy by free, by addressing J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto.

Hicks—I understand the man who invented the fountain pen made a great fortune out of it. Wicks (who has used one)—Suppose he did? What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Mrs. Henpeck—This paper says that married women live longer than single men. Mr. Henpeck—Heavens, woman! Can't you think of something pleasant to talk about?

Fishing, Vacation, or Wedding Trips.

Attention of tourists visiting Toronto is called to the hundreds of attractive trips embracing all resorts, reached by the Grand Trunk and connections, including lake, river and ocean tours. Call at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for illustrated folder, etc.

Last New York Excursion of Season.

Everybody is going. It will be the great and grand event of the season, and what is more will be the last chance to visit the great American metropolis at an excursion rate. The West Shore Railroad will run a cheap excursion to New York on August 15, good 15 days for return, giving privilege of trip on Hudson River steamers between Albany and New York, without extra charge. Fare will be \$9 return from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo. In addition to regular trains, there will be a special leaving Buffalo 10:15 p.m., arriving New York 10:00 a.m., and making good connection at Albany with Hudson River day boat for New York. Positively last of season. Write L. Drago, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

Miss Annie Allison Maxwell, who will assume the position of vice-principal next year in the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, has just taken a second degree at Cornell University, where she has been studying with Professor Hiram Corson. Miss Maxwell is a Canadian, a graduate of Mount Allison University, and former lady principal of the Methodist Ladies' College at St. John's.

"Tain't good to be too skeery," said Uncle Eben: "I once knowed a gemmen dat got his mind so tore up 'bout germs an' bacilliuses dat he didn't look whah he were goin' an' got run over by a truck."

"Did you boys have a good time at your bonfire, Johnny?" "You bet we did. We burnt a backyard fence, half a dozen piano-boxes, an' the most of old Squilligan's smoke-house, an' had a be-yootiful run when the police got after us."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1700
 { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$1 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 6, 1904. No. 39



NOW that the two Toronto twelves are likely to be the final contenders for the Canadian Lacrosse Association championship, the wise ones are saying that the fact will give another reason for the existence of a professional league next year. The victory of the Chippewas over the Brantfords will probably do a good deal towards putting the Irish Indians in an easy financial position at the end of the season. Toronto can support two professional lacrosse clubs, and there is no doubt that a reorganization of teams would make it possible for Montreal to do the same. Ottawa can furnish the sinews of war to a fifth twelve. Thus Cornwall, Brantford and St. Catharines, the three next best lacrosse towns in the country, would be out of it. But after allowing everything that may be said in praise of their local pride and enthusiasm, it cannot be denied that the towns named are too small to support paid teams.

The daily newspapers persistently blink the true issue in lacrosse to-day. It is not whether or not professionalism shall be adopted. That happened some years ago. But the able and ingenious sporting editors seem to think that the whole question is one of acknowledging the existence of paid teams. In other words, the idea is: Shall the game be conducted in an up-and-up manner, or shall men continue to pose as Simon-pure amateurs when they are professionals? The fault is not with the players. They are decent fellows enough, who make no denial that they are in receipt of cash. The fault is with the club managers, and the Eastern club managers are the ones to blame. Mr. Gillespie took a manly and honest attitude the other night when he acknowledged that the team under his control is paid. Why cannot the Easterners be as outspoken? Mr. Foran of Ottawa is a notable exception. He, too, has come out flatfooted with a pronouncement in favor of honest professionalism as opposed to spurious amateurism. Despite these two exceptions, it is to be feared that the present system will subsist for some time yet. The bogus amateur, some club managers believe, is cheaper than the out-and-out professional will be.

Most of us know that Australia is par excellence the sporting section of the Empire. Here in Canada we have to knock off everything but skating, curling and hockey in the winter. In the Commonwealth the fields are green all the year round, which, perhaps, furnishes the reason why the representatives of a scant four millions of people are able to break even with the cricketers who defend the sporting honor of thirty-five million Englishmen. In response to a question put to him in a letter from a Canadian correspondent Mr. B. Gain, an old Torontonian, now living in Sydney, New South Wales, has written as follows concerning Australian field sports: "Football is king at present. Everywhere in and about Sydney games are being played, and the attendance at matches is numbered by thousands. The British Rugby Union team has reached Australian soil and will presently be in evidence. It is a remarkably strong combination, whose meeting with New Zealand in particular will be of great interest. New South Wales has just concluded a 'Country Week,' in which no less than eight rural teams participated, with the result that four of their forwards were chosen to represent the State against Queensland in the first match of a series of four, which was played here on Saturday, and won by 11 points to 6. This was the 57th meeting of the sides, New South Wales having won 36 to Queensland's 18. The weather was splendid and 25,000 spectators attended. The game was noticeable mainly for the good work of the forwards on both sides, the back division, owing to keen following up and tackling, getting few opportunities. The second match will be played next Saturday, and the remaining two at Brisbane later on. New South Wales has got together a good team to tour New Zealand, and very soon we shall receive our visitors from the United Kingdom. Just now we have with us a team of Maori schoolboys from Te Aute College, who are trying conclusions with our schools. They have beaten two Sydney schools, and a combined team at Bathurst, scoring in the three games 68 points to 9, and will now play two matches with a combination of the big Sydney schools. Their match on Saturday was witnessed by 18,000 spectators, and opened with a ceremonial war-cries. The young New Zealanders are a heavy lot of boys, and their play is highly scientific and quite free from roughness of any kind. Of the party of twenty a few are members of last year's team who have left the school. With so many visitors playing in Sydney last week's round in the local competition was omitted. So far Sydney University leads for the premiership with 5 wins and no defeats. Rugby is the most popular game in New South Wales and Queensland, as well as in New Zealand, but in other Australian states the preference is for what are called 'Australian Rules,' instituted, I believe, in Victoria by old Rugby men. The British Association also has many followers, whose doings, however, seem to attract less notice. The supporters of the Australian game are trying hard to popularize it in Sydney, especially in the schools, and for three years it has been customary for two crack Melbourne teams to play a match of their championship series on Sydney cricket ground. This year the teams were Melbourne and Essendon, and in spite of very unfavorable weather 6,000 people stood out in the rain to witness their meeting. Melbourne winning by 71 points to 39. Of course in such weather the game was of no great value from an educational point of view. Having seen a couple of matches under Australian rules, I will try to give you readers some idea of the game. The goal-posts are six yards apart with no cross-bar; a goal may be scored at any height, and by a kick of any kind. The players are eighteen on a side, and are placed in pairs all over the field, except that there is a rover on each side. A player running with the ball may not be tackled, but if he may be run over three yards without bouncing the ball. When the ball goes into touch the umpire fists or bores it in, and he starts play by bouncing it. The umpire appears to me to get as much running as any two men in the game, for since there are no scrimmages and no 'off side,' while



Ninth Annual Tournament of the Western Lawn Bowling Association, held on the lawns of the London Rowing Club last week

knocking on and throwing on are allowed, there is very little pause in the game. A free kick is allowed for any breach of rules or for a catch, even from one's own side, and every man must take his own kicks. A goal counts 6 points, and a behind 1 point. The game is certainly interesting, and I mean to see more of it. Baseball is another of our winter games, and several of the leading cricketers play regularly both here and in Melbourne, matches being played between New South Wales and Victoria. Noble, Frumper and Duff all play ball, and a cricketer commended for his headwork in the game is appropriately named Diamond. Lacrosse, too, is played here, but does not attract much interest. Lawn tennis occupies many cricketers in winter, and bowling seems to flourish all the year round, like horse racing.

The echoes of the Scholes reception have about died away. Let me offer a modest suggestion to the amateur champion. I know his retiring nature, but I also am acquainted with his thoroughly sportsmanlike qualities. There are tens of thousands of Torontonians, and scores of thousands of dwellers outside of this city, who would dearly like to see the champion in his shell, not, I may remark, on the top of a fire-truck, but in the water. Why should he not oblige us all by consenting to give, for one afternoon only, an exhibition on the lake in front of the Fair buildings? The town will be crowded during the Exhibition, and if Mr. Scholes could see his way clear to appearing on, say, Citizens' Day, a hundred thousand persons would thank him. Of course I am perfectly well aware that it is not customary for amateurs to give public exhibitions, but amateurs can do what they like in the bosom of their own family. And assuredly Mr. Scholes is a distinguished member of the huge family of Toronto's citizens. They are all proud of him, and they all want to see him. None of us would suggest for a single moment that the champion's appearance would be anything that is due the citizens from him. If anything, Toronto is in his debt. But the thought arises that perhaps the big, good-natured oarsman might be disposed to give his admirers an opportunity of seeing him at his chosen sport. Doubtless Dr. Orlando Orr would be one of the best pleased men in the community if Mr. Lewis Scholes could see his way clear to falling in with this suggestion.

I object strongly to anybody's attempting to use these columns in the way of a free advertising medium, and therefore cannot fall in with the suggestions of a person who has taken umbrage at some remarks of mine regarding the Niagara tennis tournament. This person is sore, evidently, because he did not receive a free puff. Therefore he proceeds to try to puff himself. Thus he says: "I have visited a great many cities and resorts in the United States, and I generally could win from the best men there." As to this amazing piece of effrontery I have only to say that there was never a Canadian tennis player who "generally could win" from the best men in the United States. The person referred to should beware of the horrible fate of Annias; should study the effects of megalomania—if he ever heard of it—and should consult an alienist, if he knows what the word means.

OLYMPIAN.

The Quebec Lawn Tennis Association tournament was brought to a close last Saturday. The championship cup was lifted by Mr. P. Murphy of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club, but only after a keenly contested five-set match with Mr. H. M. Suckling, last year's champion. Miss Hague, formerly of Toronto, still remains champion of Quebec, defeating Miss Clay in two sets. Miss Hague was presented with a magnificent box of American Beauties.

LAWN BOWLING.

IN a blaze of glory the Western Lawn Bowlers' Association tournament went out for this year on Saturday last, and it must be said that every bowler who participated was unanimous in the opinion that they had a jolly good time. However, there are some chronic growlers, and the fact that five out of the seven special prizes went to London did

not smooth over their ire. Several insinuations were made, but those who know the officials of the Association, especially the genial secretary, Mr. James Mattinson, scouted the idea that any favoritism had been shown in the draws in favor of London clubs. The finals in the Labatt Trophy resulted in favor of London Rowing Club rink. Blenheim threw up the game at the 17th end. Score:

J. McDougall, 23. A. Gosnell, 16.

The Association "Free Press" Trophy was won by Dr. Wiley of Dresden. The doubles resulted in a win for Alexander and Wood of the London Rowing Club, and in the singles Beltz of the same club was the victor. Dr. Burritt of Mitchell was the lucky possessor of "Neighbor" Hodge's pair of splendid silver-mounted bowls, thus bringing the prize home to the lawns of the donor. Wednesday of this week saw the auspicious opening of the new lawn of the Toronto St. Matthew's Club, situated in the picturesque locality of the Don flats, and corner of Gerrard street east. Thirty rinks, by special invitation from the different city clubs, participated in a miniature tournament, and the greens were well and truly dedicated to the royal sport of bowls. Galt visited Kew Beach on the holiday and were the victims of the Kew bowlers. The Galtites, however, declared they spent a very enjoyable day, and requested the Beachers to pay a return visit to Galt to partake of the well-known hospitality of that club.

The next big event in bowling annals is the 13th annual Dominion tournament, which will open on the Granite and Victoria lawns August 15. Prospects are for a very successful tournament, far eclipsing any hitherto held.

LUNA.

How it is Done.

THE brilliant young librettist had produced the effort of his life. By using many ampers, ohms and volts of midnight electricity and racking his brains until his gray matter was a vivid pink, he had produced a libretto with a catchy title, new plot, fresh gags, haunting lyrics, crisp dialogues, surprising situations, and all the technical effects that even the most exacting manager could desire.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Trust magnate to whom it was submitted. "We shall use it for a summer production."

A musical composer was at once set to work, and after a number of new lyrics had been introduced to suit his rag-time melodies the manager sent for the librettist.

"Things are coming on fine!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands as if he were already feeling the box-office receipts. "We are going to have Lionel Bandylogs in the leading part, and if you will consult with him he will tell you what gags he wants to introduce this season, and you can cut the ones you have to make a place for them."

Some days later the manager sent for the librettist, and said with a little choke of joy in his voice:

"I have good news for you. Tottie Twinkletoes has consented to create the title role, and all you will have to do will be to cut out some of your dialogue so as to make room for her specialties."

In the same way he had to make room for a chorus of Amazons in the first act, a vaudeville turn in the second act and a ballet in the third act. Finally the night of production came round, and the manager exclaimed:

"Well, it is done!"

"Yes," said the librettist sarcastically. "There doesn't seem to be anything left that can be cut out."

"Except your royalties," said the manager softly. "So little of the book is really yours that I don't see how you can have the nerve to claim anything. Good evening!"

THE SUPER.

Crawford—Why, old man, what makes you look so blue?

Crabshaw—My wife went to get her hair insured.

Crawford—And they refused her?

Crabshaw—No; said she was good for another forty years.



ATTITUDES

At the Tecumseh St. Kitts Lacrosse Match.

Binks at Sunday School.

POR BINKS has a surname that usually makes people smile, though they cannot always tell why they are moved to mirth. Then, to make matters worse, his mother, who had an immense admiration for Lord Nelson, insisted that her small boy should be baptized "Horatio," and with this heavy handicap Binks began his career at the public school, where he was obliged to indulge in daily fights on account of being hailed as "Binkers." When he became a man, Horatio Binks, being small, freckled and watery-eyed, had a great desire to be regarded as dangerously "wild" and fascinating. But at the age of thirty-five he suddenly changed his views of life and went in for domesticity and quiet talks with Ethel Morrison, a sweet young girl of twenty, who listened with respectful sympathy when Binks talked darkly of his wasted years and of how he regretted many things.

Things were going beautifully for Binks when it occurred to Arthur Morrison, Ethel's elder brother, to ask Horatio to teach a class in Sunday school while young Morrison was away in Muskoka. The request was made in the presence of the family, and Binks thought, with much misgiving, that it would create an excellent impression if he were to do this thing. So he said cheerfully:

"Well, I don't mind, though I'm rather out of the way of it. They're little girls, I suppose?" Binks, for no reason whatever, had thought of a row of nice, clean little maidens in spotless white muslins, their blue eyes beaming innocently, their golden curls in shining order, and their childish minds all ready to be stored with sacred history.

"No," said Morrison, briefly, "they're boys—regular young fellows, but rather interesting. I'll send you over the 'Sunday School Times.' The lessons are about Jeroboam."

"Ah! Yes—of course," responded Binks feebly, for he knew much more about Sapper and Fort Hunter than about any Old Testament characters. He rather wished it were about Jonah, as he knew something about him, and it might be possible to get up interesting yarns about whales and keep the kids going. However, it wouldn't last long, it was for only one Sunday, and Ethel was looking at him in an approving way that warmed his heart.

The next Sunday Binks felt horribly blue when he awoke at twelve o'clock and remembered that he was due at St. Andrew's Sunday school at three. He dressed in a hurry and began to look for the "Sunday School Times." But he couldn't remember what he had done with it, and there was a new copy of "Town Topics" on the table looking very fresh and spicy, though hardly the thing for Sabbath reading. Binks hesitated and was lost. When half-past two came he set out with a Bible which he had borrowed from his landlady, hoping that a thunderstorm would arise and keep all his scholars at home. He went to the wrong church, discovering, just in time to prevent awkward complications, that he had blundered into a Baptist community, and arriving at St. Andrew's in a condition bordering on stage fright.

The superintendent, a large man with a pleasant smile, met him at the door.

"I've come," said Binks, with deceptive calm, "to take Mr. Morrison's class."

"Just so," said the superintendent, shaking hands cordially; "very glad to meet you, I'm sure. And the name? Binks. Delighted to hear it. This way, Mr. Binks. There are only four of the boys present to-day. Nice lads—with plenty to say—but intelligent."

The four boys, sleek and Sunday-garbed, received Binks coldly as the superintendent beamed on them and said, in a confidential outburst, "Now, boys, I know you'll enjoy having Mr. Binks with you to-day. He's a friend of Mr. Morrison's, who is kindly taking his work in the Sabbath school." The man of smiles departed and Binks gazed gloomily at the four young persons whom he was to instruct in the ways of Jeroboam. It was a scurvy trick of Morrison to go to Muskoka and leave him with an ancient king on his hands. It was nineteen long years since Binks had been in Sunday school, but he joined manfully in the first hymn, "Wonderful Words of Life." But there was something wrong. Heads were turned in his direction, smiles were poorly suppressed, the four boys giggled outright, and Binks realized, with some mortification, that he was sadly out of tune. Whereupon he suddenly ceased from vocal efforts. But the mischief was done, and during the short prayer which followed the hymn the quartette of boys under his charge continued to giggle, in spite of being sternly nudged by their instructor pro tem. Finally, Binks found himself behind glass doors with the four young hopefuls seated in front of him. He solemnly read the names from a small book, and marked them "present" according to instructions loudly given.

"Now, we'll read the lesson," he said, with some confidence. The nine verses from the First Book of Kings were read with much stumbling, and then Binks hazarded a question.

"Harry Rogers, can you tell me about Shechem?"

"Now," said Harry indifferently, proceeding to say to his neighbor, "Say, Carrots, was you at the lacrosse match yesterday?"

"Don't go givin' me any of yer cheek," responded Carrots, whose warm looks made explanations unnecessary. "I'll give you one on the jaw, I will."

"Come, boys," urged Binks nervously, "that isn't a nice way to talk. We were talking about Shechem, I think. But perhaps that isn't very important. We'll just go on. What was it that Jeroboam had made?"

"A merry-go-round, I guess," said Carrots, with a fendish grin.

"An automobile," suggested Harry Rogers, whereupon the four boys whooped with laughter that was positively idiotic.

"I'm afraid you're very rude boys," stammered Binks, who by this time was furious and perspiring—"he made two calves of gold, and you know he did."

"Sure they wasn't colts?" asked Frank Harris, a boy with a far-away look in his gray eyes.

"Now, look here," said Binks, thoroughly enraged. "I'll be damned if I'll stand any more of this." An awful silence fell on the boys, who gazed at Binks in a fascinated way. Then it suddenly occurred to the unfortunate man that he had used language utterly alien to the atmosphere of the Sabbath school.

"Geet!" exclaimed Carrots at length, regarding Binks with pious reproof, "you must be a sport."

"Bet he goes to the Star Theater," said Harry Rogers with an air of virtuous horror.

Binks was past fear now, and he regarded the four incorrigibles with the calmness of despair. "Look here, you young demons," he said with quiet force, "I took this class to oblige Mr. Morrison. But I don't care a continental about this man Jeroboam or what he did. Now, you'll just sit here quiet till the bell rings, and if you try any more of this monkey business I'll make you awfully sorry." He was in deadly earnest, and the boys were sufficiently endowed with the better part of valor to recognize the fact. So they contented themselves with exchanging subdued confidences concerning baseball and Scholes' record until it was time to rejoin the other scholars and assist in the closing exercises.

All this happened more than three weeks ago, but Binks has not called on the Morrisons since, for he heard that Ethel was perfectly shocked at his having knocked all the boys down and sworn at them repeatedly. The superintendent was deeply grieved at the fearful example, and wondered how Mr. Morrison came to ask such a young man to take his class. The worst feature of the matter is that Harry Rogers' uncle belongs to the club and has told his nephew's highly-varnished tale to an appreciative audience, which occasionally enquires tenderly about Jeroboam.

J. G.

Mrs. Golightly—This is my new \$65 bathing-dress, my dear. What do you think of it?

Golightly—Think you got less for your money than anyone I ever knew.

Jones (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left. Brown (also broke)—Who is it?

"My pipe. I can still draw on that."

Jaggles—Have you made any preparations for the picnic?

Waggles—Yes; I bought an umbrella, mackintosh and rubbers.

Jaggles—How is it you see so many men in black suits at the ball games?

Waggles—Those are fellows who get off by saying they had to go to funerals.

Hewson—That man Scalper has a natural bent toward speculation.

Hume—Yes, and the last time he bent too far and went broke.

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IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

I T was with no little difficulty that I was able to secure an interview with Mr. Borden-Leader Borden, as he is described by the Opposition papers. He was very busy, for besides keeping the session running as long as possible in the hope of killing Laurier off, he has to get out a tremendous load of campaign literature before the franking privileges expire. Finally, however, I managed to catch him, and although he steadfastly refused to stop work while I questioned him, I managed fairly well, I think, to gain some knowledge that may be of interest and use to the general public.

"Now that this Dundonald affair has blown over—" I started.

"By Jove!" he chuckled, "didn't we everlastingly hammer the Government on that? Oh, that was a glorious stroke of policy! Between you and me, that was on the whole the grandest opportunity that I've run across since poor old Sir Charles was snowed under. Tell me," he persisted, "don't you think we worked it beautifully?"

"Well," I admitted, "you certainly gave the Government a jolt. It should do them considerable harm at the elections—and if you can persuade Dundonald to come back—"

"Come back be hanged! We don't want him to come back. We're through with him. He's served our purpose, and we're through with him. One leader of the Conservative party at a time is quite enough. And besides, his absurd schemes would wreck the country in six months."

"But," I ventured, "I thought you endorsed his plans for national defence."

Mr. Borden banged his rubber stamp on two or three heavy-looking envelopes, and chuckled softly before making reply. "You evidently don't know Tory politics very well," he finally laughed. "We haven't any use for Dundonald or his hobbies. We don't believe in spending a cent more on the militia than the Grits do. In fact, I think they spend a great deal too much."

"But how, sir, do you reconcile that statement with the attitude of yourself and followers during the past few weeks, when the entire party took Dundonald up and boomed him for all that he was worth?"

"Reconcile it? Well, that is rich, upon my word! Why, my dear sir, we don't try to reconcile it. That is the strong point of our policy. Like the British Constitution, our principles are not to be found in print—and they are in every respect flexible."

"But in regard to the militia, what is your policy?"

Mr. Borden rose, picked his way slowly through the piles of campaign pamphlets, and peered carefully into every corner capable of holding an unsympathetic listener. "On the militia, as on everything else, our policy is to raise the very devil whenever the Government makes any proposal whatever. You see," he added, when he saw my not very complimentary smile, "you see our object is to attain power, and between ourselves I may say that we can never hope to do that through native genius. We simply haven't got the material in our ranks. The only thing to do, then, is to knock the other fellows whenever and wherever they show a head."

"Not a very safe thing to let the public know," I ventured.

"Oh, we never put it before them in that way. To the public we explain our lack of a constructive policy by pointing out the danger of advocating anything before we get into office, lest the Grits would steal our ideas."

"Then you depend for your popularity—"

"On our ability to kick up a bigger racket than we did on the last occasion, every time anything new occurs."

"A pretty big undertaking, I should think, Mr. Borden."

"I am glad to see that you appreciate the magnitude of our plans. Believe me, the pace is becoming terrific. Take that Grand Trunk Pacific business. Now, on that we spent more energy, according to the estimates of our engineering expert, than it will take to build the blooming line from coast to coast. Of course we don't regret it for a moment, but that campaign of opposition left us pretty well pumped out for this Dundonald affair. You see, we weren't prepared for it. Colonel Hughes got the Earl worked up to the sensation-producing point long before any of us were ready. We thought it would take at least another six months. The trouble was that the late G. O. C. was a little too much like our own Samuel, and the two hit it off so well together that the explosion came long before any of us were ready."

"Speaking of the Dundonald mix-up, what is your opinion of that remark which he made in Montreal about keeping both hands on the Union Jack?"

Mr. Borden stopped his stamping for a moment, and pulled thoughtfully at his mustache. "To tell you the truth, I have never looked at it in that way before. You want to know its meaning, eh? Well now, really, I scarcely think it had any. It was only a campaign remark, you know. I took it for granted that it was made up by Sam Hughes, so I didn't look for any meaning. I feel pretty sure I'm right," he added after another little pause, "for the 'Mail' took it up and is running it every day on its editorial page. Have you heard anyone say they were able to make anything out of it?"

"No," I admitted, "but people are talking about it a great deal. Most of them seem to think it carries some hidden meaning, carefully concealed by the brilliant nobleman who uttered it, while others try to make something out of it by claiming that his lordship was misreported—that he really said, in stinging rebuke of the disloyal attitude of the Liberal party, who rebelled against the Crown as represented by him: 'Keep both feet on the Union Jack, or 'Take your stand on the Union Jack,' or something like that."

"No, I don't think there's anything in that theory. I think he merely repeated what Sam told him to say. Some go as far as to say—that is, some in our inner circles—that Sam told him to say that he had merely said that he might get credit for it, without running any chances of having the Earl run off with the glory—that he thought everyone would recognize the remark as his. You see, Sam is very ambitious to be made G. O. C. himself, and he thought if he could get the Earl to say something that would keep the people guessing and make the Government wild, while making it obvious that Samuel and no other was responsible for the shot, the days of imported commanding officers would be ended—and the days of Samuel would arrive." The leader chuckled softly, as if he were enjoying some rich joke. "But perhaps our hot-headed Colonel Hughes isn't red-hot now—for the Government, instead of falling into his plot, has merely decided to go half way by forming a military council and doing away with the office of G. O. C. altogether."

"Oh, I see—that is why you are opposing this council proposal?"

"No, no, no—not at all—but Sam thinks that's the reason."

"Then you have some other cause for opposition?"

"Certainly. We are the Opposition, don't you see? We have to oppose everything that the Government proposes. That's what we're here for."

"But what is your private opinion of the scheme?"

The leader looked up sharply, as if he suspected me of playing a joke on him. As my face was serious he concluded that I really desired the information.

"My opinion?" he asked presently. "Well now, really, I have not given the matter any thought. You see it was a Government scheme, so all my attention was at once taken up in finding new ways to attack it. No, I can't say I have any opinion on the subject."

"But will you work it into the campaign?"

"Certainly, certainly!" he laughed. "We'll work every thing that the Government says or does into the campaign."

"And the Opposition policy will, generally speaking, be?"

"Opposition from the drop of the hat. We can't afford to work out schemes of government. A party has to be in power before it can get time to go into anything like that. It keeps us all our time to keep the other fellows in trouble. You see, there is all this campaign literature to be got out every year—and it's enough to keep any party busy getting it up without bothering with a constructive policy. I may repeat what I said before—as we have to do on our side of the House—all we can hope to do is raise the devil whenever the Government opens its mouth. That is all the people have any right to expect—and I think that's all they do expect."

Mr. Borden seized a mail-bag and proceeded to cram it full of important kicks to the elections. I took this as an intimation that the interview was at an end, and scrambled over bundles to the door.

JAQUES.

Experience is the interest upon the average investment.



Opening a Railroad.

BOBAYGEON is with us. Pontypool is running a close second. The reason that Bobaygeon is with us is owing to the completion of the Lindsay, Bobaygeon & Pontypool Railway as far as that point. Heretofore "Bob" has been in rest content with such communication with the outside world as was afforded by steamboat as far as Lindsay in the summer months, and stage coach to the nearest point on the railroad during the winter. These facts were gathered by the representative of this paper during the course of the opening trip, which took place upon the 28th of July, and for which the management had sent a courteous invitation.

Now, opening a railroad is a function which all people in search of experience in the larger matters of the commercial world, should attend if they get a chance. I have had experience in building the confounded things, but this was my first real effort at opening one. The net result of the knowledge gained has fostered a desire to refrain from being actively engaged in the constructive portion of the enterprise, and to reserve all my energies for the opening. "Opening" is a very good term for it. Everything is open. The piles of railroad spikes become bunches of choice cigars; the sledge is transformed into an ice-hammer; the fish-plates are six-course dinners; the ceaseless clanking dwindles to the grateful tinkling of ice in tumblers; steam and oil fumes greet the nostrils in the guise of fragrant tobacco smoke; blasting only soothes the nerves in the form of popping corks; and levee and transit repose amid the cracked ice in the similitude of bottles, whilst wagons, scrapers and mules, in one grand transformation scene (like a Christmas pantomime) change to parlor cars, private cars, and express engines.

The opening programme had been somewhat hurriedly decided upon, so that it was impossible for the officials in charge to reach as many with invitations as they would have wished. However, what the small knot of C. P. R. officers and others, gathered at the Union Depot, lacked in numbers they made up in quality, for a jollier party never distorted the landscape through the bottom of a tumbler. There were on the platform Mr. H. P. Timmerman, general superintendent of the C.P.R.; Mr. A. H. Notman, assistant passenger agent, without whom, by the way, no trip is complete; Mr. R. Preston, master mechanic; Mr. W. J. Grant of Hamilton, commercial agent; Mr. A. McAulay, roadmaster; Mr. A. L. Smith, chief train dispatcher; Mr. W. Marshall, inspector of telegraphs; Mr. G. B. Clarke, K.C., solicitor for the C.P.R.; Mr. G. Prior Deacon, barrister, Toronto; Mr. G. B. Walker, a director of the Hull & Barnsley Railway, England; and the representatives of the newspapers.

I haven't got space to tell all the yarns that were told between Toronto and Burketon. The time-worn formula which has to be gone through always when strangers meet together was not excepted on this occasion. Everybody was glad and proud to meet everybody else, and made little dabs at the weather, the new road, were we on time, and all that; then somebody said something amusing, whereat we all laughed. Another ventured a story, then another, and before long all hands were off on a mental jollification. It is remarkable how, in many cases, where a man's daily vocation is of a staid and judicial or onerous nature, his capacity for unbending is highly developed. On this trip, the way those men of affairs broke forth into laughter and story was immense, and the party found themselves at Burketon in short order. I think I should like to take a canter out some day with a flock of bishops and supreme court judges, just to see what would happen.

At Burketon, the point at which the Lindsay, Bobaygeon and Pontypool Railroad leaves the C.P.R. Montreal line, a special train was made up. Here, also, many prominent residents of the surrounding country joined the party for the trip.

From the very point at which this thirty-eight mile branch line leaves the main tracks, it runs through a beautiful agricultural country. On all sides are evidences of prosperous

homesteads, and ripening crops stand thickly. The country is rolling and the soil rich; there is also plenty of timber.

At Lindsay another large addition to the party was met, and everybody adjourned to the Benson House for lunch. Mayors, councillors and Reeves, were so thickly dotted about that it would have been quite impossible to throw a brick in any direction without incommencing a couple. And after leaving Lindsay we picked up a lot more along the route to Bobaygeon.

It was well into the afternoon when the train reached the end of the line, and the Bobaygeonites were out in force. A large crowd surrounded the station and stretched far up and down both sides of the track. The Fenelon Falls band, playing lustily "See the Conquering Hero Comes," vied with the cheering crowd in enthusiasm. The Reeve, Mr. Byng, and his council, seized the occasion of the arrival of the first train to present Mr. Wickham, chief promoter of the railway, with a gold-headed cane. This function over, members of the party strolled up to the village, or watched the aquatic sports which were in progress, in honor of the occasion. Some were taken for a drive by the council.

Bobaygeon is a beautiful little place. At this time it was especially so, for the citizens had decorated the streets and houses, and the fluttering of flags amid the green added largely to the effect. The steamers tooted in frantic glee, the factories followed suit; the people cheered the contestants in the aquatic sports, then cheered the railway; then cheered for themselves, and finally cheered and laughed anyhow. The novel beauty of the place and the general holiday feeling which permeated everything was simply immense. Bobaygeon differs from one's ideas of what northern lakes should be like. There is nothing of the bare, rocky, thin-soiled aspect about it. The trees are different; there is none of the everlasting spruce and pine feeling. Of course there are lots of them about, but mingled thickly with these are maple, elm, beech and birch, and all sorts of shrubs; all of which require good deep soil to grow in.

We wandered till dangerously near train time up and about the village. We also called at the office of the Bobaygeon "Independent" in the hope of meeting the editor, but found the place empty, although the door was open. We had thoughts of printing our cards and leaving them, but there wasn't time. Somebody suggested giving a galley of type just to let the proprietor know we'd called; but we kicked the immortal suggestion out.

Train time came and we sauntered down to the station. Gentlemen in bathing-suits were endeavoring to walk out on a greasy pole and corral a two dollar bill deftly nailed to the end. All the newspaper men needed that two dollars, heaven knows, but none of us yearned for it badly enough to go through that performance. Once more the cheering and the playing of the band, and we were off on the home journey, reaching Toronto after a remarkably quick run, about 7.30 p.m.

So much for the trip. Now for the line itself. As stated above it is thirty-eight miles long. The roadbed is A. 1, and the iron heavy enough for a long time to come. Mr. Fauquier, the contractor, has done his work most thoroughly. The line runs closely to Lake and River Scoug and Sturgeon Lake; thus, not only tapping a magnificent agricultural district, but bringing within two hours of Toronto one of the finest sporting and fishing grounds in Canada. It is safe to say that those citizens of this place who love an outing will not be slow to observe the advantage and make use of this excellent road. There will be eight stations in the thirty-eight miles, and the buildings are now under construction. One train per day is running at present, two will be placed on the run very shortly, and "Ho, for Bobaygeon!" will become a familiar cry.

In closing, it is in order to mention that seldom has such thorough courtesy and good fellowship been shown to the representatives of the press as was extended by Mr. Timmerman, Mr. Notman, Dr. Clarke, and all connected with the trip. Please hurry up and open another line, gentlemen.

J. L.

Beauchamp Cobb.

TWO generations back the head of the Cobb family had to be content with the good, safe name of John. Then the family prospered through a fortunate discovery in the art of pickle-making and the father of the subject of this sketch married a curate's daughter, whose great-aunt was the wife of a baronet, and who passed her life in conciliating the people at the Hall and unravelling family pedigrees, in one of which a faint connection with the Norman Beauchamps was discovered. The consequence of which was—Beauchamp Cobb.

Beauchamp had evolved the other "b" to his surname himself, with the aid of an old deed in which the spelling was erratic. He was an Englishman with the national peculiarity that has given his country a title to a considerable portion of the earth. He was after everything that he thought was coming to him, even a letter of the alphabet. His son will probably tack an "e" on and spell his name Cobbe. As time rolls on the pickle business will have prospered sufficiently to stand a title.

He came to us as a relief that afternoon on the piazza of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, where we were fighting flies and monotony, and trying to keep cool with the aid of mysterious drinks, in the concoction of which a New York tourist had successfully instructed a descendant of the ancient Egyptians, the Copt bar-tender.

After a fifteen minute battle with the native cabman about his fare, in which Beauchamp came out triumphant with nineteen words of Public School French, a Latin quotation, and a threat to report him to Lord Cromer, the British representative and practical ruler of Egypt, he puffed up the steps, looked surprised at the free and easy manner we were grouped around, and demanded to see the landlord, while he counted carefully his gun and hat-cases, and saw that none of the labels were injured on his portmanteaus.

The landlord knew his business and the English tourist, and in ten minutes gave Mr. Cobb the impression that Shepherd's Hotel had been fitted up a quarter of a century before in anticipation of his coming, and by the time he was shown to his rooms Beauchamp was purring.

It took about three days before Mr. Cobb ceased to look upon the rest of us as confidence men or people whom it would be undesirable to know when he returned to England. He unbent his five feet four of corpulent manhood and became pompously friendly. The same flies tried to get into his ears and eyes as into those of the rest of us. And the American drinks were conducive to friendliness.

We found that things proceeded more comfortably after Mr. Cobb's arrival. We began to understand a little why John Bull was the world's policeman. Policemen are not interesting, but they are desirable. We hadn't to pull the old-fashioned bell-ropes nearly off the wall every morning if we wanted water for our tubs. Beauchamp had an interview with the Oriental bed-room steward that was wonderful in its linguistic gymnastics, but it caused the water to flow in our direction. Hassan and Mohammed were more assiduous in waiting at table, the chops were hotter, and the cooling drinks cooler. No one liked Beauchamp Cobb, but he was useful. Some of us resented his eternal references to England as home, "as if," said the New Yorker, "the only being on this footstool that had a home was an Englishman. He thinks the rest of the world lives in the yard."

The French attaché, the German student, the Italian merchant, and the Greek savant, tolerated and hated him. He was everlastingly regulating everything, from the running of the hotel to our private excursions, and anything that wasn't in Baedeker wasn't worth seeing. And he was so punctiliously exact in the way of dates. He spent a day and a half to prove that the date of the building of the alabaster mosque entered in a guide-book was out about 18 years in a century or two of time.

Beauchamp Cobb was so particular in paying an odd sixpence as his share of a cab-fare that he would keep the rest of us awake at night calculating whether we didn't owe him ninepence in making change in the bazaar on a shopping trip two weeks before. He was so confoundingly careful that he gave us the impression that if we owed him fourpence on the purchase of a pair of Turkish slippers he would put us down as robbing deadbeats.

He would speak confidently and complacently to an officer of the Khedive's bodyguard or the French attaché about Egypt as part of the British Empire. It probably is, but Egyptian officers and members of the French diplomatic service were not fond of being told so several years ago. He grieved a Turkish bey by speculating as to what particular form of heathenism Mohammedanism was, and offering to explain to him the tenets of the Church of England as laid down in the 39 Articles. Beauchamp Cobb would tackle anything or anybody. He nearly broke the German student's heart by outlining a scheme to carry the stone lying useless in the Great Pyramid to England to erect a new pickle factory with modern improvements. He was a little bit worried about what he would do with the surplus, but thought it could harmoniously be utilized in a few of the oldest cathedrals or put in a museum like the "Elgin Marbles."

He scoffed at the American idea of humor, called it blatant lying or gross exaggeration, and lulled us to sleep with extracts from "Punch." But we forgave him much. A little pudgy Englishman who could stand off the begging horde of Bedouin guides at the pyramids, however, couldn't help but be appreciated. He was considerable of a fussy nuisance, but on homeopathic principles he saved us from greater. A little of Beauchamp Cobb went a long way.

Tired of bazaars and donkey boys, we made up a party to visit the buried temple at Esneh, up the Nile. Then we left the details to Beauchamp. He enjoyed details. We enjoyed the trip, but our dragon and the reis, the captain of the dahabiyeh, turned almost gray-headed. Beauchamp could bully them with impunity, and modern Egyptians require bullying. And we quietly and ungratefully laughed at the Englishman. But there was one man who laughed at Beauchamp Cobb on that trip, and was sorry.

We had absorbed all the mysterious beauty of the Egyptian temple that people who were suffering from the preliminary symptoms of mental indigestion from a surfeit of that sort of thing could comfortably stand, and came into daylight again. The usual crowd of beggars, donkey boys and onlookers had congregated, and were more than unduly impatient for "bakshish." Beauchamp used up his limited vocabulary of Arabic in five minutes and then appealed to a tall, loose-jointed Egyptian policeman to do his duty, and so forth. The policeman made a few perfunctory attempts and then desisted. Cobb insisted and swelled out, and grew red in the face, and fumed and used short monosyllabic English words as the crowd surged around and against us. Beauchamp, it is to be admitted, presented a rather amusing spectacle, and it unfortunately appealed to the Egyptian policeman's sense of humor. He smiled. Then Beauchamp Cobb, as the New Yorker described it, "cut himself loose."

We didn't form a ring. The little fat Englishman and the long policeman formed it, but in five minutes, before the representative of law and order in that part of the Khedivial dominions known as Esneh had time to draw his short sword, his two dark Oriental eyes were darker, he had lost several important front teeth, his aquiline Arabesque nose was pouring forth blood, and—Beauchamp Cobb was standing puffing over him.

"Nice quick work," said the New York man, and then added thoughtfully, "There is one thing there is no doubt about, and that is that the Beauchamp Cobbs of this world may be built along peculiar lines, but they are not built to be laughed at—to their face."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

A Good Shot.

The foreman of the Minnie Healy mine, at Butte, Montana, noticed an apparently suspicious man standing day after day near the shaft-house silently gazing eastward where the Great Northern Railroad tunnel pierces the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. Approaching him one day he said, "My man, what are you doing here?" "Faith, Jack Kane," answered the man, "I have been here every day for the last thirty days, watchin' thim engines and cars goin' along that trail towards that hole in the mountain, and, be gobs! not wan of thim have missed the hole yet."

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature.

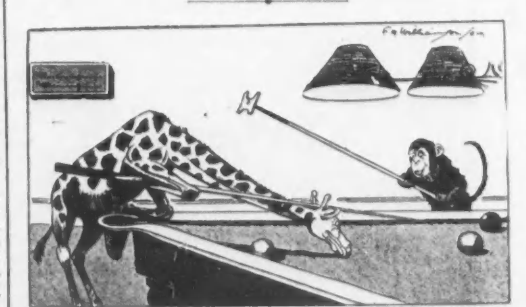
Music and Beer.

In a beer-garden at one of our popular seaside resorts an Irishman sat at a table with a mug of beer at his elbow. Alongside of him stood a large, good-natured looking German. The orchestra began the "Coronation March" from "The Prophet." The Teuton's face beamed all over with a smile of pleasure, and by way of making himself agreeable and imparting information to his neighbor he remarked, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the music:

"Ach, dot was Meyerbeer."

The Celt, whose knowledge of composers was limited, mistook the gesture and made a hasty grab for his beverage, exclaiming at the same time:

"Yez lie, yez damned Dutchman; that's my beer."



Something new in a billiard rest.

"Mrs. Hoyden is going on the stage," remarked Hojack.

"Who is the co-respondent?" asked Tomdik.

Madge—I never see her wearing that medal she received

last summer for saving three persons from drowning.

Marjorie—Why, you little goose, that girl has a champion-

ship golf medal to wear now.

Confetti.

Modesty is virtue's door-plate.

It's all very delightful for a tree to be shady—except when it happens to be a family one.

Euchre is a game at which knaves always win.

Only so much do I know as I have lived.

We do not count a man's years unless he has nothing else to count.

Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint moon-like ray.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.

Every man must live in the ideas of his time, be they good or bad.

Most people wear their morals like their night-gown. It may trip them up in the long run, but it never pinches in the wearing.

The religion that seems blue is only harnessed hypocrisy wanting to kick over its own traces.

The heights by great men sealed and grabbed

Came not by oratory's flight;

But they, while their companions gabbed,

Were keeping mum with all their might.

Drink and the world drinks with you;

But it's enough to make you groan—

When you interview the waiter

You settle the bill alone!

"Mother, may I be in the swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter,

Your father's got ten millions, so

We positively oughter."

"Have you ever made love to a pretty young widow?"

"Well—er—not to speak of."

Fame is very easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time, and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.

10



MUSICAL

MUSICAL Canadians who intend to visit London next year will regret to hear that there will be none of the Hans Richter concerts which have been the conspicuous features of the metropolitan season since 1878. During the quarter of a century they have had a wondrous influence on English musical life in cultivating a taste for orchestral music, especially the works of Beethoven and Wagner. The demand for seats was so great that sometimes two series of concerts were given in one year. It has been claimed that Richter was the pioneer in England of the "higher development" of symphony conducting. London "Truth," however, says that the honor really belongs to Hans von Bülow, who in the middle seventies gave the Londoners readings of Beethoven, Wagner and others, which startled and shocked the respectable mediocrities then wielding the baton, whom he contemptuously referred to as "time-beaters."

In those days Richter was by some considered plodding rather than brilliant, and it is said that for a perfect performance the band ought to be rehearsed by him, but conducted at the concert itself by the fiery and emotional Von Bülow. In more recent times Richter has been generally considered the greatest of living conductors. He is as highly esteemed as ever in London, and will continue to conduct the Wagner operas at Covent Garden. The abandonment of his concerts is due chiefly to the great cost of bringing his Manchester Orchestra to London each time, and his lack of time to rehearse a London orchestra. It is also admitted that the clientele has fallen off somewhat because the prices for tickets are much higher than at other concerts, conducted, in many cases, by men of a reputation as great as Richter's. Why did Hans Richter ever leave Vienna to take up his residence in England? He was as highly esteemed in the Austrian capital as in the English; but there was a vast difference in the remuneration for his services. In a recent number of the Vienna "Zeit" it is stated that in Vienna he was only in the last years of his conductorship at the Opera that his remuneration reached the sum of 7,000 florins—say, \$3,000. It was, therefore, hardly surprising, especially in view of his having a large family to support, that he accepted an engagement at Manchester which insured him just five times that sum. But there were other reasons why he turned his back on Vienna. For more than twenty-five years he had been the center of musical life in that city. Almost all the first-class entertainments were under his management. He had conducted the orchestra of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, the court chapel and the Opera, whose manager, Wilhelm Jahn, allowed him to do as he pleased. A change came when Jahn was succeeded by Gustav Mahler, a conductor and composer as well as a manager. A conflict was inevitable. To all appearance the two men were on the most friendly terms, but their ideals and methods were different, and it soon became evident that one of them must quit. Hans Richter was not of a contentious disposition, and he was approaching his sixtieth year. He ceded the Opera to his rival, then the Philharmonic concerts, and finally, tempted by the big salary offered, emigrated to England.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is passing a part of his vacation in the Berlin district among the scenes and friends of his boyhood. London is at last beginning to rouse itself in regard to the flagrant evil of musical piracy. An indignation meeting was recently held at Queen's hall, which was presided over by the Duke of Argyll and attended by many eminent composers. Mr. Stephen Adams said he had worked for two years at his highly-successful song, "The Holy City," and the pirates had printed eighteen editions of it. He was on the verge of sixty, and when he saw the work of thirty years taken from him, he said, "What is the difference? A breaker rolled me to shore, and as I came up on the beach I said: 'I don't believe there's a man fuller of sand than I am'—rather neat—eh, what?"

(Social chirrup.)
Mrs. Roach—Pardonnez-moi, mais—oh, I beg your pardon—I speak French much more fluently than English, and always forget that you don't understand.
Mrs. Poisson (triumphantly)—Vraiment?
Mrs. Roach—It isn't split with a love—
Mrs. Poisson (scornfully)—Oh, go and tell your father to pay his cab bills.
Mrs. Jay Jay—That's a nasty one, isn't it, Leedy?
Mrs. Doublyou Bee Leedy—Well, I really oughtn't to say. You see, I'm a stranger, and—er—not quite safe yet.

Mrs. Jay Jay—Why not? I've called, haven't I?
Mrs. Poisson—Which means you are invited to one of those overdone gold-plated affairs now mother has come home.

Mrs. Jay Jay (rising)—Now this is reaching the limit—
Leedy (interrupting)—Stop, girls, I pray. Did I tell you what I said last night? A one-eyed man wanted the price of a drink, and I said, "Of course, you want an eyeball," rather neat—eh, what?

(Renewed social chirrup.)
Mrs. Liverston—Who is one of the many who have been County Islanders?—Where's the booze?
Miss Evening Gueardon (who has been dittoing)—It ain't come, cully.
(Pause.)
Mrs. Whatberry (spasmodically)—For God's sake, here's Teedy!
Enter the Pope-mother Countess in a state of fluster, holding an open telegram which she waves aloft.
Countess Teedy—Oh, I have such good news!

Mrs. Poisson—I know, old girl, you've engaged the Kickover sisters and Wreath Beggar to bore us at one of your affairs.
(General laughter.)
Countess Teedy—If we were in Rome I'd have you excommunicated!
Mrs. Liverston—Weekman (who thinks the Coney Island lingo rather chic)—She ain't no Cat'lie.
Leedy (pacifying, as usual)—Oh, by the by, did you hear my latest? My cousin's been bawled the other day and my pants nearly came down, and I fairly panted till I borrowed some safety pins. Rather neat—eh, what?

Mrs. Alrich (flushed)—That's the best thing I ever said, Harry.
Leedy—No, it's the best thing I ever said, Tessie.
(Great reiterated chirruping.)
Mrs. Poisson (admiringly)—What an

ambassador that man would make! Leedy (testily)—It's a peculiar thing that my wife doesn't appreciate my humor. (To Mrs. Leedy). Why don't you laugh sometimes?

Mrs. Leedy—Because it would stop me from smiling.
Mrs. Roach (curiously)—Doesn't she ever talk?

Leedy—Scarcely ever. I've taught her the name of the champagne firm I tout for—er—I mean like best—and that's all she ever says.

Mrs. Hennepeck Bones (enviously)—Lucky man!
Mrs. Roach (starting up with a scream)—Look who's coming and what she's got with her!

Mrs. Poisson—Why, it's Mrs. Redglenor! How stupid of her! The monkey business was played out long ago, and what does she want with two of them?

(But on their approach it is observed that the lady's escorts are capable of conversing, which makes the difference. They turn out to be the dual Batavian Princesses. All chatter ceases and unfriendly comments are set aside. The Princesses are bowed and greeted with gush and invitations. Palpitating matrons depart to hire the Casino and to consult their chiefs about the most effective means of singeing one and that beer. Effeminate youths blushing tender jeweled cigarette-cases and at length complete rapture obtain over such is the kingdom of Newport.)—"Town Topics."

Some of the leading piano teachers of Winnipeg are now studying Miss Via Macmillan's method for beginners in music, known as the Common Sense Method, and they speak enthusiastically of the results obtained by its use. Miss Macmillan will spend August in Calgary and Vancouver.

Mr. John F. Runciman says, in the London "Saturday Review," regarding the last decades, that "the hosts of Wagnerites, sane and insane, kept on saying with an insistence which finally became exasperating that the only thing possible or even desirable was an imitation of Wagner's music." There is wisdom in what Mr. Runciman says about the desirability of Mozart imitations by modern musicians. "Of all composers of our era, Mozart alone knew exactly (as he himself said) how many notes to put in his scores. Richard Strauss and all the modern men put too many; the machinery is clumsy, out of all proportion to the thing, and it is high time to turn to the master who knew how much could be made of how little."

Mme. Calve will not this year return to America, as she has accepted an engagement with Herr Schumann, at a fee which must be considered large for his remuneration. The representation of "Carmen," "Cavalleria," and other operas in Germany and Austria-Hungary on various dates in October, November and December. Afterwards she is expected to appear in Paris, and she will doubtless be once more in London in June. It is hoped that her repertoire will then be both larger and better. Between June and October the great prima donna will be at Aveyron nursing sick nuns and superintending her poultry farm, where several eggs, she reckons, cost her a shilling each.

CHERUBINO.
Chatter of the Casino.
Veracious Incidents of an Accidental Newport Afternoon.

SCENE—On the grounds—The richest and most stable, from an unimpeachable standpoint, and congregated, as usual, in the midst of themselves and one another. Even the heifer-like antics of Leedy can only evolve a desultory smile. Rag-baby stunts will amuse the children for their day. Something must be done.

Mrs. Jay Jay (pensively)—Yes, the Queen called me Ava and said that, and you that name, and she said, as well call her Alexandra. Very sweet of her. (Sighs.) Things are different over there. I wish we had a queen.

Mrs. Poisson—Well, your mother-in-law does her best to let the part.

Mrs. Jay Jay (angrily)—Don't be disrespectful, Mamie.

Mrs. Poisson—I wonder she doesn't marry a peer; she always is abroad sniffing around—

Mrs. Jay Jay (haughtily)—She could if she wanted to.

Mrs. Poisson—Lord Anglesey, I presume—

Leedy—Now, girls, don't quarrel, and I'll tell you what I said last night. A breaker rolled me to shore, and as I came up on the beach I said: "I don't believe there's a man fuller of sand than I am"—rather neat—eh, what?

(Social chirrup.)
Mrs. Roach—Pardonnez-moi, mais—oh, I beg your pardon—I speak French much more fluently than English, and always forget that you don't understand.

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Mrs. Jay Jay (rising)—Now this is reaching the limit—

Leedy (interrupting)—Stop, girls, I pray. Did I tell you what I said last night? A one-eyed man wanted the price of a drink, and I said, "Of course, you want an eyeball," rather neat—eh, what?

(Renewed social chirrup.)
Mrs. Liverston—Who is one of the many who have been County Islanders?—Where's the booze?

Miss Evening Gueardon (who has been dittoing)—It ain't come, cully.
(Pause.)
Mrs. Whatberry (spasmodically)—For God's sake, here's Teedy!

Enter the Pope-mother Countess in a state of fluster, holding an open telegram which she waves aloft.
Countess Teedy—Oh, I have such good news!

Mrs. Poisson—I know, old girl, you've engaged the Kickover sisters and Wreath Beggar to bore us at one of your affairs.
(General laughter.)
Countess Teedy—If we were in Rome I'd have you excommunicated!

Mrs. Liverston—Weekman (who thinks the Coney Island lingo rather chic)—She ain't no Cat'lie.
Leedy (pacifying, as usual)—Oh, by the by, did you hear my latest? My cousin's been bawled the other day and my pants nearly came down, and I fairly panted till I borrowed some safety pins. Rather neat—eh, what?

Mrs. Alrich (flushed)—That's the best thing I ever said, Harry.
Leedy—No, it's the best thing I ever said, Tessie.
(Great reiterated chirruping.)
Mrs. Poisson (admiringly)—What an

ambassador that man would make! Leedy (testily)—It's a peculiar thing that my wife doesn't appreciate my humor. (To Mrs. Leedy). Why don't you laugh sometimes?

Mrs. Leedy—Because it would stop me from smiling.
Mrs. Roach (curiously)—Doesn't she ever talk?

Leedy—Scarcely ever. I've taught her the name of the champagne firm I tout for—er—I mean like best—and that's all she ever says.

Mrs. Hennepeck Bones (enviously)—Lucky man!
Mrs. Roach (starting up with a scream)—Look who's coming and what she's got with her!

Mrs. Poisson—Why, it's Mrs. Redglenor! How stupid of her! The monkey business was played out long ago, and what does she want with two of them?

(But on their approach it is observed that the lady's escorts are capable of conversing, which makes the difference. They turn out to be the dual Batavian Princesses. All chatter ceases and unfriendly comments are set aside. The Princesses are bowed and greeted with gush and invitations. Palpitating matrons depart to hire the Casino and to consult their chiefs about the most effective means of singeing one and that beer. Effeminate youths blushing tender jeweled cigarette-cases and at length complete rapture obtain over such is the kingdom of Newport.)—"Town Topics."

Some of the leading piano teachers of Winnipeg are now studying Miss Via Macmillan's method for beginners in music, known as the Common Sense Method, and they speak enthusiastically of the results obtained by its use. Miss Macmillan will spend August in Calgary and Vancouver.

Mr. John F. Runciman says, in the London "Saturday Review," regarding the last decades, that "the hosts of Wagnerites, sane and insane, kept on saying with an insistence which finally became exasperating that the only thing possible or even desirable was an imitation of Wagner's music." There is wisdom in what Mr. Runciman says about the desirability of Mozart imitations by modern musicians. "Of all composers of our era, Mozart alone knew exactly (as he himself said) how many notes to put in his scores. Richard Strauss and all the modern men put too many; the machinery is clumsy, out of all proportion to the thing, and it is high time to turn to the master who knew how much could be made of how little."

Mme. Calve will not this year return to America, as she has accepted an engagement with Herr Schumann, at a fee which must be considered large for his remuneration. The representation of "Carmen," "Cavalleria," and other operas in Germany and Austria-Hungary on various dates in October, November and December. Afterwards she is expected to appear in Paris, and she will doubtless be once more in London in June. It is hoped that her repertoire will then be both larger and better. Between June and October the great prima donna will be at Aveyron nursing sick nuns and superintending her poultry farm, where several eggs, she reckons, cost her a shilling each.

CHERUBINO.
Chatter of the Casino.
Veracious Incidents of an Accidental Newport Afternoon.

SCENE—On the grounds—The richest and most stable, from an unimpeachable standpoint, and congregated, as usual, in the midst of themselves and one another. Even the heifer-like antics of Leedy can only evolve a desultory smile. Rag-baby stunts will amuse the children for their day. Something must be done.

Mrs. Jay Jay (pensively)—Yes, the Queen called me Ava and said that, and you that name, and she said, as well call her Alexandra. Very sweet of her. (Sighs.) Things are different over there. I wish we had a queen.

Mrs. Poisson—Well, your mother-in-law does her best to let the part.

Mrs. Jay Jay (angrily)—Don't be disrespectful, Mamie.

Mrs. Poisson—I wonder she doesn't marry a peer; she always is abroad sniffing around—

Mrs. Jay Jay (haughtily)—She could if she wanted to.

Mrs. Poisson—Lord Anglesey, I presume—

Leedy—Now, girls, don't quarrel, and I'll tell you what I said last night. A breaker rolled me to shore, and as I came up on the beach I said: "I don't believe there's a man fuller of sand than I am"—rather neat—eh, what?

(Social chirrup.)
Mrs. Roach—Pardonnez-moi, mais—oh, I beg your pardon—I speak French much more fluently than English, and always forget that you don't understand.

Mrs. Poisson (triumphantly)—Vraiment?
Mrs. Roach—It isn't split with a love—

Mrs. Poisson (scornfully)—Oh, go and tell your father to pay his cab bills.

Mrs. Jay Jay—That's a nasty one, isn't it, Leedy?

Mrs. Doublyou Bee Leedy—Well, I really oughtn't to say. You see, I'm a stranger, and—er—not quite safe yet.

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(Great reiterated chirruping.)
Mrs. Poisson (admiringly)—What an

A Generous Donation.
The Salada Tea Company, with its customary generosity, has donated the sum of \$400 to the National Sanitarium Association for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, Charles. Husband—I knew you'd be sorry, Carrie, and that's why I told you not to sit up.

INCORPORATED TORONTO 1886.
PRESIDENT.

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Thursday, September 1st, 1904.
Calendar and Syllabus on application.

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MR. GIFFO—Mrs. Sleeth says that Miss McFlub is an equestrian.
Mrs. Spinks—Well, mebbe she is, but if I can't say nuthin' good about a pason, I b'lieve in not talkin' about 'em at all. That's me.



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The United Arts & Crafts beg to announce that a booklet has been compiled which should prove of great assistance to those about furnishing. It gives valuable hints on Furniture, Carpets and Wall Hangings and will be ready for mailing towards the end of August. Those interested in Art applied to house decoration will on request have their names entered on the list for copy of same.

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Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Sykes are in town for a few weeks.

The next heroic reception Toronto will undertake is the welcome to Perry, the winner of the King's prize at Bisle. The Board of Control has acted handsomely in this case as well as in liberal appreciation of Mr. Lewis Scholes. The city fathers are not slow to recognize the good work of Toronto boys abroad, and no doubt we shall warm the heart of the young winner of the King's gold when he appears in Toronto this month. As a clever Canadian and an old Toronto boy he deserves our heartiest appreciation.

The dance at the Island Aquatic Club last Friday night was well attended, there being many strangers from different States and pretty girls were greatly in evidence. There is a growing tendency, however, to break away from the dancing and take to canoes, more than one fluffy white gown being safely stowed away in a "Rover" or a "Gypsy" before the programme was half over. Any who can blame the faint-hearted dancers on these midsummer nights? We'll have waltzes galore when the snow comes, but the puffing months are all over all too soon.

How grown-up our Toronto Fair has suddenly become! It is to be known henceforth as the Canadian National Exhibition and will open on August 23. Last year's Exhibition was such an encouraging success that we may expect even a greater show than has been to open this month. Those who heard the band of the Coldstream Guards last year will be glad to know that another Old Guard band is coming to play for us—none other than the famous "Black Watch," who ought to bring every Scotchman out to hear the men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Basil's Church, when Miss Irene Christina Murphy, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Murphy, was married to Mr. Thomas Francis Battle, barrister, of Niagara Falls. Rev. Father Vincent Murphy, C.S.B., officiated. The bride, who is noted for her beauty and grace, was given away by her brother, Mr. Eugene Murphy, and the groom, who is a rich gown of cream-tinted duchess satin, with exquisite bertha of rose point lace, in which was a diamond sunburst, the seat of the groom. The long tulle veil was becomingly arranged and held with a wreath of white roses, and a handsome shower bouquet of bride's roses was carried. The bridesmaid, pretty Miss Kathleen Murphy, the bride's sister, was daintily gowned in pink tulle d'esprit over tulle, with a becoming pink lace hat, and carried a cluster of pink roses. Mr. P. Sarsfield Battle of Cincinnati, the groom's brother, was best man. The ushers were Mr. Ninian Murphy, brother of the bride, and Mr. Robert Norris Merritt, the groom's nephew. The present to the bridesmaid from the groom was a pearl and diamond four-leaved clover brooch, and the groomsmen and ushers wishbone pin set in pearls. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Bernard Murphy, which was artistically decorated with flowers and palms. Only relatives were present, owing to a recent bereavement in the groom's family. The presents, in number and quality, testified to the esteem in which the bride is held. Mr. and Mrs. Battle left on a trip down the St. Lawrence and Saguenay. On their return they will reside at Niagara Falls. The bride's traveling gown was a handsome blue costume with military coat and green vest, trimmed with black braid, a smart blue and green hat was worn.

A correspondent writes: An ideal spot for a regatta is Grunwald, on the forest-shaded shore of placid Lake Mary. And an ideal time it was on Saturday, July 30, when there was a rehearsal in anticipation of the great annual regatta of the Lake of Bays to be held at the Grunwald on August 10. Two races, more or less, took part in the races, while the hotel windows, the docks, the boat-house gallery and the terrace steps were alive with spectators who entered into the contests with zeal and merriment. Mr. A. R. Boswell, late commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, acted as starter. The first race was the ladies' single scull, in which Miss Muriel Baldwin won first prize, Miss Robertson and Miss Gladys Baldwin second, and Miss James third. The next number was the men's single scull race, in which Mr. Hugh Rose won first, Mr. Robertson second. In the ladies' double scull race, Miss Nash and Miss Deeks won first prize, Miss C. Rose and Miss M. Baldwin second. In the men's double canoe Mr. Errol Arnold and Mr. C. Howard were first, followed by Messrs. Kingsmill and Mr. H. R. O'Hara second. In the small girls' race, Miss L. Robertson was first, with Miss Petica Geddes second. The gentlemen's double scull was won by Dr. Gordon and Mr. Arnold, with Mr. Robertson and Mr. James second. In the single canoe Mr. Arnold was first, with Mr. C. Howard second. The programme was finished by an exciting race between Mr. A. R. Boswell, K.C., and Mr. H. R. O'Hara, in which the commodore won on his handi-cap.

Friends of Chancellor Burwash were alarmed to hear of the runaway accident near Calgary in which Dr. Burwash and his family had a narrow escape from serious injury. Although the chancellor went over the hill with the carriage and fell under the horses' heels he was only badly shaken up and has telegraphed to Toronto friends assuring them of his safety. Dr. John Burwash dislocated his shoulder in jumping, but the ladies of the party came off quite unhurt.

On Wednesday afternoon a pretty wedding took place in Parkdale Presbyterian Church, when Miss Marion Dallas Jack, daughter of Mr. Torrance Jack, was married to Rev. R. Bertram

At the Park House are: Miss Lilian M. Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dixon, Messrs. J. B. Warnicker, F. J. Brimer, C. E. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Doherty and the Misses Doherty, Mrs. H. B. Ronan, Mr. Sherard A. Brown, Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Barltrop, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hill and son, Miss G. Som-

erville, Mr. A. Coyell, Mrs. and Miss Callaghan, Mr. C. Hamby, Rev. Mr. Newton, the Misses Carter, Mr. Frank Booth, Messrs. R. Saunders, Harvey Hall, W. H. Howell, Charles W. F. Howard, Charles Newton, Dr. G. W. Ogilvie Dowsley of Toronto, Miss L. M. Keague, Mr. A. E. Dussau of Thorold, Mr. A. L. Alcox, and Messrs. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Secord and son of Brantford, Mr. W. H. Buckley of Niagara Falls, Mr. A. Caruthers of Strathroy, Miss Jessie Vance of Berne, Mr. and Mrs. Crow of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Corbett and sister of Albion, N.Y., Messrs. S. A. Van Every, A. O. Halet, J. E. Martin, Miss N. Hol-ditch of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. and Miss Anderson of Scotland, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Mr. C. E. Burkholder of Hamilton, Mrs. and the Misses Montgomery and Master Deane as well as Miss M. Rodgers of New York, Mr. E. Misener of Welland, Mr. Douglas Thomson of Woodstock, Mr. W. E. Buckingham of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Burns of Hamilton, Miss Besta McLeod of Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Callan of Woodstock, Mr. Bert Castan of Brantford.

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VIAMI

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PHONE—MAIN 3049.

Nelles, son of Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Nelles, R.O. Miss Annie Jack acted as bridesmaid and little Kathleen Smith, a niece of the bride, was flower-girl, while Mr. James Trees acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Gray of Orillia, assisted by Rev. James Black of Hamilton. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 30 Maynard avenue, where refreshments were served on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Nelles will spend several weeks in Montreal, Quebec and points on the Gulf.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Struthers are at the Belvidere, Parry Sound, for a three weeks' holiday.

Miss M. Lillian Atkins of Hamilton spent several days in Toronto this week.

Mrs. and the Misses Charlton of Madison avenue left Toronto last Wednesday for their summer home at Lynedoch, Norfolk, Hon. W. A. Charlton will leave the city next week.

Miss Muriel Dingman of Waverley road is visiting friends in Nanapanee.

Last week the Gananeco Yacht Club had its first dance of the season in new quarters, Mrs. Charles McDonald, wife of the commodore, and Mrs. C. E. Britton, wife of the vice-commodore, receiving more than two hundred guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McKinley are at Fairy Port.

Miss Laura Durand is in comfortable convalescence at "Hillcrest," having recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever which gave her friends a good deal of anxiety.

Miss L. Thompson of Russell street is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Graham of Boston, Massachusetts.

Many Toronto people felt sincere regret over the death of the plucky messenger boy, Oliver Belz, who fell at Crystal Beach, Buffalo, last week. His wonderful success at Hanlan's led to his engagement across the line.

Miss Annie Maxwell, M.A., of St. John, comes to Toronto next winter as vice-principal in the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, of which Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter is principal.

Mrs. Anna P. Tucker, who made friends during the weeks she conducted a school of expression at the Normal School, Toronto, has returned to Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. William Briggs, D.D., has returned to Toronto very much the better for his holiday in England.

The latest addition to the already long list of Canadian wives of British men of title is Lady Napier, formerly Miss Charlotte Louise Austin, only daughter of the late Hon. Chief Justice Austin of Montreal, who was married in London, Eng., on July 12, to Sir Archibald Lennox Miliken Napier, Bart. The bride belongs to a family distinguished both in Canada and many other parts of the world, and well known on both sides of the Atlantic. She is a niece of the late Bishop of British Columbia, and a near relative of Lord Aberdeen. The Napier creation dates back to 1627, of Napier, Renfrewshire, and the family is a branch of the Earls of Leveson or Leveson, now extinct. Another uncle of the bride was a recent Governor of Bermuda, and a first cousin is May Austin of Montreal, whose pretty writings in prose and verse are so well known.

Miss Scholes is visiting Mrs. S. Dandy in Detroit.

The dance at the Queen's Royal last Saturday night was an unusually brilliant affair, owing to the presence of many members of the R. C. Y. C. and a number of United States officers. In fact, the men were in the majority, a charming state of affairs at a fashionable resort. Piffle stories come from hotels in remote nooks of the Muskoka lakes concerning the lack of masculine guests, but no such melancholy disparity has shown itself so far at the Niagara dances. The military men from across the river proved themselves admirable dancers and most desirable guests, threatening to overshadow our own yachtsmen. Among the dainty young girls who enjoyed every moment of the weekly "hop" were several of the visitors from New Orleans and Mobile, who are already most popular with Toronto circles.

A correspondent writes: "Grunwald was the scene of a most enjoyable progressive euchre on Monday, the 25th ult., all the guests taking part. The first prize was won by Miss Evelyn Green, the second by Mrs. Gibson, while the lone hand prize went to Mrs. Postlethwaite. The winners of the booby prizes were Mrs. A. R. Boswell and Miss Mary Perry. The success of the party was largely due to the energy of Miss Nash of Toronto. Among the guests who are summering here are Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Lout of Peterboro', the Misses Perry, Mrs. and the Misses Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, the Misses Gesta, Mrs. C. E. Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McIndoe, Miss McIndoe of Toronto, Mrs. Van Horne of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Howell, Miss Richardson of Wexford, Mrs. Sullivan of Addison, N.Y., Rev. Dr. McKay of Woodstock.

Among the guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mrs. F. Arnold, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, the Misses Cosby, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. C. E. Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McIndoe, Miss McIndoe of Toronto, Mrs. Van Horne of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Howell, Miss Richardson of Wexford, Mrs. Sullivan of Addison, N.Y., Rev. Dr. McKay of Woodstock.

By the death of Professor John Campbell of Montreal at Yoho, Muskoka, last Saturday, Canada has lost a scholar of superior culture, and a wide circle of friends mourn the sudden taking away of a man of sincere and kindly nature, whose summer home was a gathering-place for all

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Delightful
Resort
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There's always something to do—something to see—some enjoyable way of spending the summer days—at Caledonia Springs. Golf, Tennis, Riding, Dancing. Grand old trees and wide porches for those who care more for rest than recreation.

Hotel newly furnished and equipped with all modern conveniences. Perfect service and cuisine.

"Magi" Caledonia Springs on the grounds. The "Magi" Water is a specific for rheumatism. Come to Caledonia Springs—drink the water and take the baths.

For rates, booklet and other information, address
FREDERIC A. JONES, Manager
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"THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Is something absolutely
unique in this world."

President Roosevelt.

The popular route to this delightful spot is via Union Pacific to Monida, thence by stage to all points in the park.

The stage ride from Monida, by the splendid Concord Coaches of the Monida & Yellowstone Stage Co., through scenery hardly inferior to the park itself.

Very low rates during June, July, August and September

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126 WOODWARD AVE.,
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\$4.50 from Saturday until Monday after breakfast. Coach meets Toronto boats on Saturday; also trolley connections. In order to popularize the New Hotel and Annexes we are making the following rates:

Two in a room, from \$10 to \$15 per week. Single rooms from \$12 to \$20. In the Bachelors' Hall rented to gentlemen only, the Wigwam to Ladies only, American plan \$2 and 50c per week. Popular priced Club breakfasts and soc. table d'hôte dinners. Beautiful lawns facing Lake Ontario. Just the place for conventions. CHAS. B. TRUITT, Manager.

ORCHARD POINT INN Highland Lakes
A homelike resort with cottages and wooded grounds; at the junction of Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe. Fishing, boating, bathing, tennis, croquet, etc. For booklet and rates, address S. S. TAYLOR, Atherley-near-Orillia, Ontario.

The Queen's Royal Hotel

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Proprietors.
NOW OPENED FOR BUSINESS.
Special rates for June
New Casino, New Golf Links
and greatly improved in every way.
L. M. BOOMER, Manager.

Roselawn Lodge, Bala, Muskoka
Convenient to Muskoka Lakes. Private boarding house. Airy rooms. Excellent table. Good boating, fishing, tennis, croquet, etc. Rates, \$2 per week. Write T. Burgess, Bala.

The new Tourist and Canoeist Map and Chart of the Muskoka Lakes is now ready.

It includes Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, Joseph, Crane and Blackstone. PRICE—in paper 50c.; mounted on cloth 1.00.

Michie & Co.

Campers' Supplies,
Groceries, Etc.

7 King Street West, Toronto.

that was genial and uplifting. He loved that wonderful northern country of lakes and pines and there is something touching in the thought that he died amidst the summer scenes where he has for so many years spent his holidays.

Mr. J. C. O'Connor of Madison avenue has gone to Muskoka for his holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kleiser have returned after a pleasant visit with Dr. and Mrs. Wales of Bracebridge.

This is verily the week of betrothals, and one hears on every hand of engagements and rumors of engagements. The latest and one of the most interesting announcements is that of the engagement of Miss Clara Geary to Captain Edgar T. Clare of the 8th Infantry, U. S. Army. Fortunately this latest "capture" by the forces of the American Republic is one that will only promote international goodwill, although Toronto will lose a bright and popular girl.

Many people interested in Muskoka will be pleased to learn that a new edition of Marshall's map was issued last week and is a complete directory and guide to the lakes and to a thousand and more cottages which are situated there. Copies are for sale at Michie's and at Tyrrell's book store, in King street west, near Yonge.

August Number "Four-Track News."

An interesting magazine. Only 5 cents, any newsdealer.

Only 5 cents a Copy.

"The Four-Track News" for August. On sale all newsdealers.

Grimsby Park

Canada's Greatest Summer Resort

Bathing Boating Tennis
Lawn Bowling

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

Concerts Lectures Exhibitions
Moving Pictures.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL—\$2.00 a day, \$8.00 a week up. PARK HOUSE—\$1.00 a day, \$5.00 a week up. Cottages to rent.
STEAMER CITY OF OWEN SOUND leaves Yonge St. Wharf every day (except Saturday and Sunday) at 3:30 a.m. Saturday 2:00 p.m. Returning leaves at 5 p.m.
For programme or hotel accommodation write J. H. FORD, Managing Director, Grimsby Park.

DELPHI INN

FIELD'S CROSSING, GEORGIAN BAY
OPENS JUNE 15TH.

Fine beach, bathing, boating, groves, excellent table. Terms, apply

DELPHI INN, Camperdown P.O., ONTARIO

CANADA'S SUMMER HOTEL

The Penetanguishene

On the Famous Georgian Bay,
Penetang, Ont.

30 Acres of Beautiful Park

Bowling Green Finest in Canada.

Fishing the best in Canadian Waters.

Boating. Bathing. Orchestra.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

MILFORD BAY HOUSE, MUSKOKA LAKE, ONTARIO.
First-class, First-class in all its appointments. Post and Telegraph Offices on premises. Modern sanitary improvements. No hay fever. Fine Sandy Beach for Bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam Yacht in connection with hotel. Good Fishing. Furnished Cottages to Let. Boats and Canoes for hire. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Swings, Quoits, etc. Grand Piano. Lit with Acetylene Gas. Room for 100 guests. Terms, \$2 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Write R. STROUD, Proprietor, as above, for folder.

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Parry Sound. Moon River.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED

BEST BASS FISHING

We, the undersigned, beg to announce to the public that we have taken over the above hotels, and are prepared to cater to the wants of our patrons in a first-class manner, at a moderate price, and solicit their patronage.

GEORGIAN BAY HOTEL CO.,
Write for Booklet. J. M. Walsh, Mgr.

The new Tourist and Canoeist Map and Chart of the Muskoka Lakes is now ready.

It includes Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, Joseph, Crane and Blackstone. PRICE—in paper 50c.; mounted on cloth 1.00.

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Judges, Lawyers, Doctors,
Ministers and especially the Ladies
are delighted with

MRS. MEYER'S FISH MEALS...

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Parlors at Sunnyside.

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Only graduated Druggists employed. Prescriptions promptly delivered to any part of the city.

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Expert Auctioneer

23 Yonge Street Arcade, Toronto.

Open to conduct all kinds of public auctions.

General auction sales every Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the above rooms.

Present entries for NEXT TUESDAY:—Solid Mahogany China Cabinet with bevelled edge glass back, Chairs, Artist's Easel, a large collection of Watercolors and Oil Paintings by well-known artists.

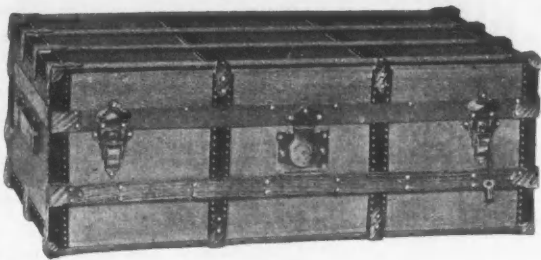
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Auction sales of Horses, Carriages and Harness every week at the TORONTO HORSE EXCHANGE, 71 Richmond St. West, Toronto.



As a small
Trunk for all
kinds of travel
the best kind to
use is the

Steamer
Trunk



We carry in stock fifteen different
qualities and in size from a 32-inch up to
a 40-inch.

Prices from 4.00 up to 29.00.

If you want our beautiful Catalogue
"S" of Traveling and Leather Goods,
write us. We pay express charges in Ontario.

The Julian Sale

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105 King St. West, Toronto.



Cleaning out the flues of most furnaces
is so difficult and complicated that only an
expert can do it, and experts' services usually come high.

The flues in the Sunshine Furnace can be cleaned from two
different clean-out doors and from the feed-door, so that there
is no part of the flues which is not easily reached.

A special brush for this purpose is always supplied, and the
operation is so simple that a boy can perform it.

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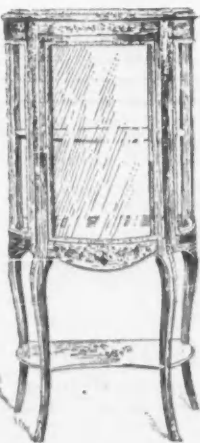
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ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE

Rogers'
Midsummer Sale



This is your opportunity for
getting the best of furniture at
prices greatly below regular.

A feature of this sale is
a large assortment of new furni-
ture, including some exceptionally
handsome Brass and Enamelled
Bedsteads—purchased at the
recently held Furniture Trade
Exposition.

You will save money by anti-
cipating your wants and buying
here during Aug. st.

The Rogers Furniture Co.

97 YONGE STREET

SOCIETY

The engagement is announced of
Miss Mildred Cumberland of "Dunelm,"
Fort Hope, daughter of Mr. Bartol
Cumberland, and Mr. Hugh Wether-
spoon, son of Mr. Ivan Wether-
spoon, K.C., of Montreal.

The annual regatta of the Muskoka
Lakes, held at the Royal Muskoka last
Monday, was the most successful event
in the history of Muskoka sport. Music
was generously provided by the Gra-
venhurst band, while a fake brass band
supplied the burlesque element that
camp atmosphere calls for. The con-
tests were close enough to provide ex-
citement, and the coveted cup for
points went to the paddlers from Killi-
crankie, Mr. J. Van Nostrand, Mr. N.
Van Nostrand, Mr. F. M. De la Fosse
and Mr. George Graham Bell, the last-
named sportsman being especially for-
tunate. Among those present were:
The Earl of Suffolk, Mr. and Mrs. Wil-
fred L. Hebdon and Miss Hebdon,
Leeds, England; Miss Maud Burnham,
Mr. and Mrs. G. Tower Fergusson, Mr.
and Mrs. T. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. George
A. Cox, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Mr. Ross
Gooderham, Miss Aileen Gooderham,
Misses Eleanor, Florence, Lottie and
Thelma Phillips, Lieutenant-Colonel
Stimson, Mr. Owen Smiley, Mrs.
Alex. Warden, Mr. Harold Mara,
Colonel MacLaren. Old residents
of Muskoka remarked on the
laurels of all colors and sizes and the
number of handsome yachts, which are
rapidly making the "playground of
Canada" one of the brightest summer
scenes on the continent.

Mrs. Alfred Denison left town last
week for a holiday trip to Newfound-
land and Labrador.

The Premier, Hon. G. W. Ross, re-
turned from Virginia last Saturday,
greatly benefited by his trip to the
South.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of
Education, sailed last Wednesday after-
noon by the "Celtic" for England, where
he expects to spend six weeks.

The engagement is announced of Miss
Wilma R. Stoddart of Bradford and
Mr. Douglas H. Philp of the Topo-
graphical Survey, Ottawa. The mar-
riage will take place in the latter part
of August.

The yacht "Dinah" of the Royal
Canadian Yacht Club returned last
Tuesday, having been away for a four-
night's cruise through the Bay of
Quinte and the Thousand Islands. The
party included Mr. Harry Logan, Mr.
George Young, Dr. Peacock, Mr. Hal
Franks, Mr. C. Hill, Mr. Percy Ed-
wards, Mr. Donald Bremner and Mr.
C. Drury of Kingston.

The engagement is announced of Miss
Isobel Hume Tilley of Stratford to Mr.
Douglas McL. Darroch of Collingwood.
Mr. Darroch is well known in Western
and Northern Ontario, being an en-
thusiastic hockey-player and a vice-
president of the O.H.A. The wedding
will take place at an early date.

The Earl of Dundonald was the guest
of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson,
73 St. Ursule street, during his stay
in Quebec.

Lady Elizabeth Cochrane is remain-
ing in Canada for a time, and will
leave soon on a trip to Winnipeg and
other Western cities, accompanied by
Miss McLeod Clarke and Captain New-
ton.

Miss Edythe Maude Beynon of Tor-
onto, daughter of the late Mr. George
W. Beynon of Portage la Prairie, will
be married to Mr. A. Z. Garmar of Wel-
land on the fourteenth of next month.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel
Penetanguishene are: Mr. and Mrs.
E. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of St. Albans,
Vermont, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Wilcox
of Rochester, N.Y., General and Mrs. J.
C. Smith, of Bedford Mills, Miss Kil-
ner, Mr. Nicholas Garland, Mr. W.
Adams of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. E. S.
Singer of Guelph, Ont., Mr. and Mrs.
G. Gergor of Memphis, Tenn., Mr. J.
W. Hampton of New York City, N.Y.,
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sobenheimer, Miss
L. H. Sobenheimer, Mr. Frederick A.
Sobenheimer, Miss Bessie M.
Sobenheimer of Roxborough, Pa., Mr.
and Mrs. A. F. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs.
W. J. O'Hara, Master Lawrence
O'Hara, Mr. C. M. Poirer of Toronto,
Mr. W. H. Lindsay of Burlington, Mr.
Edward Austin of Kansas City, Mo.,
Mr. J. W. Fraser of Toronto, Mr. and
Mrs. Adams and sons of Des Moines,
Iowa, Mr. Alex. E. Peasley of Hamilton,
Ont., Miss Hazel C. Knowles, Mr. O.
M. Robertson, Mr. William C. Bailey,
Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. W. R. Re-
yeil, Mr. Alex. Cromar, Jr., Mr. and
Mrs. J. B. Hiltz, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fal-
laze, Mr. Charles Fallaze, Mrs. H. C.
Garner, Miss K. Boys, Miss E. Boys of
Toronto.

A Grimsby correspondent writes: The
Taylor family have returned from
Muskoka and are settled for the sum-
mer. Mr. Will Preston of Brantford
spent Sunday with Mr. Andrew Tay-
lor, the Messrs. Marriott's yacht "Ae-
gie" of the R. C. Y. C. Oakville, came
to Grimsby on Monday and took a large
party on board, including the Misses
Philip, Geary, Armstrong, Jardine and
Hooper of Hamilton, and Miss Loman
of Winona. Mr. Norman Towell of
Toronto and Mr. Arthur Moore of
Hamilton spent the holiday with Mrs.
Towell, Mrs. A. E. Kemp of Castle
Frank and Mrs. Scott Watlie of Tor-
onto were the guests of Mrs. Ernest
Lazier during the week. Mr. Ralph
Burns was also there over the holiday.
Mr. Wallace Barrett and Mr. Watson
of Toronto were guests at The Pines
for a few days. Miss Edna Howell of
Brantford is visiting Miss Irene Rut-
ley at Glen Cottage. Miss Mohr of
Arnprior is spending a few days with
the Misses Benson. Mr. J. Thompson
of Toronto spent the holiday with
President Wilcox. Mr. J. G. G.
Housser of Toronto paid a flying visit
to old friends in the Park during the
week. Mr. Arthur Jackson of Philadel-
phia has been spending his vacation
with Mrs. Wheeler at Wissahickon
Cottage.

Among guests registered at the
Lakeview are: Mrs. McPaul, Mr.
V. Douglas-Lake, Mr. Thomas Davies,
Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Stephenson, Mr.
A. M. Ozawa, William Skinkins, Mr.
and Mrs. A. E. Conby, Mrs. J. G. G.
Miss Howarth, Mrs. and Miss Myrtle
Corcoran, Messrs. H. L. Watts, G. W.
Williams and Moore, Mr. and Mrs.

George Lugadin, Dr. Alexander Suther-
land, Mrs. George Kerr, Mr. Sinclair,
Mr. H. B. Meldrum, Miss Elliott, Miss
Maud Bell, Dr. J. W. Lowes, Dr.
Wakefield, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth of
Toronto, Mr. Alex. Bissett of Montreal,
Mr. Kenneth Bruce of Brooklyn, N.Y.,
Dr. J. Nisbet Gunn of Clinton, Rev. S.
W. Fallis, Messrs. W. H. Ogg, Fergus-
son, George Simons of Hamilton, Mr.
and Mrs. F. L. Watson of Wichita, Kan.,
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Percy of Mount
Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and
daughter, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore
of Niagara Falls, Rev. W. S. Daniels
of Colpo's Bay, Mr. and Miss Stoney
of Cleveland, Mr. William Chaplin of
St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Cram,
Mr. Percy Card of Berlin, Miss Barr
of Exbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel
Crater, Messrs. F. W. Schofield and
W. C. Thompson of Guelph, Mrs. W.
J. Schueter, Miss Deis, Miss Watson
of Preston, Mr. Charles A. Nelson and
family of Erie, Pa., Misses Jessie L.
Dean, Catherine Herman and Maud
O'Brien of Buffalo, Dr. John MacLean
of Halifax, Rev. J. W. Sippell of New
Westminster, B.C., Professor J. H. Rid-
dell of Edmonton.

Montreal is in serious danger. A re-
quest has come from St. Louis that
the handsomest woman in Montreal
should represent the metropolis of
Canada at the Exposition. But the
City Council, in fear and trembling,
has decided to defer judgment.

Bright, Interesting and Instructive.

"The Four-Track News" for August.
Only 5 cents at nearest newsdealers.

By the Way.

ACCORDING to all accounts, one
of the favorite amusements in
Muskoka is progressive
euchre. Why any healthy
person who can possibly get
outdoors should waste the
precious ozone by remaining in prim
and threesome parlors tossing bits of
pasteboard about, when she might be
in a canoe or sniffing the breezes that
blow soft through the Muskoka forest,
is something that defies explanation.
Yet the tale is told that on bright af-
ternoons when every wave is calling to
humanity to come out and play, there
are young and vigorous women who
prefer to remain within four walls and
take tricks, just as if the right bower
were not in the woods, while in this
golden month of August Nature holds
all the trump. And then, isn't it
dressing to reflect that there are
dozens of toilers who would give all
the cards in London for just one
afternoon at Maplehurst or Bala. Ver-
ily, as the Spaniards say, "Heaven
sends almonds to those who have no
teeth."

Last summer, as the steamer was
making its way across Lake Muskoka,
a tourist from Cleveland demanded to
be informed concerning the large
building among the trees. "It's the
Gravenhurst Sanitarium—for Consump-
tives," he was informed. "A grave-
an-hearse sanitarium," he repeated in
horror. "Why, I'd die in less than a week
in a place with such a damned gloomy
name. You Canadians certainly have
some queer names." Speaking of for-
eign comment, the patient invalids
who act as guides at the sanitarium
buildings hear all manner of remarks
from the alien. The "House" is a quiet
place these days, and the green and
rose hangings are all unstirred by the
eloquence of Port Arthur or West
Lambton. But the tourist comes and
gazes on the peaceful Assembly hall
and asks weird questions. A maiden
lady, whose home is in New Hamp-
shire, grasped her umbrella with a
firmer grip when the Speaker's chair
was pointed out. The coat-of-arms
seemed to rouse the "spirit of '76," and
she remarked solemnly: "I suppose
members of the Royal Family sit there
when they're in town." I know that
she longed to hit the solid arms of
that chair a resounding whack, just to
show that she was free and independ-
ent, don't you know.

A writer for one of the English mag-
azines has declared that Canadian
men take less interest in public affairs
and know less about politics than do
the women of the United States and
England. There is some truth, no
doubt, in the charge. We have no
Canadian edition of the Primrose
League, nor have we the enterprise
in forming book clubs and "chapters"
shown by the women of "the States."
On the other hand, no Canadian woman
has yet so far forgotten herself as to
mount the political platform and tear-
fully urge her husband's claims for
the wife of Sir Henry Stanley. But
when the women of Canada be-
str themselves in public matters,
things usually happen. A year ago
they actually stopped the movement
for erecting a monument to Richard
Montgomery in Quebec, and thereby
saved the Ancient Capital and modern
Canada from looking remarkably fool-
ish. So far Canadian women have
endeavored to keep on the safe side
of enthusiasm, and it has not become
hysteria. No Canadian hero has suf-
fered the horrible fate that befell Lieut-
enant Richmond Pearson Hobson, who
discovered that there is but a kiss be-
tween the sublime and the ridiculous.
Lamentable played Chopin playfully, and
Toronto women refrained from sur-
rounding the piano-stool and seeking
to lessen his hirsute glory. But the
eternal feminine is strong like the
city after all, and it was the
subject of general remark that at the
Dundonald meeting and the Scholes
reception women were as enthusiastic
as the men in the way as the men who
cheered the Scottish soldier and greeted
the Canadian champion. Mr. Edmund
Burke exclaimed passionately more
than a century ago, "The age of
chivalry is gone." Well, perhaps it
went out with powdered wigs and
sweeping brocade, but women admire
martial courage and physical power
even as they did before the fall of Troy,
and it is an entirely sane and natural
impulse that leads a woman to idealize
a hero of the battlefield or a plucky
sportsman. Strength and gentleness
are usually combined in such a char-
acter, and though woman may know
little and care less about the political
game, she is never indifferent to the
man who has proved his strength and
courage.

It seems that there is no rest for the
Toronto citizen. Just as we got used
to walking to Church street when we
wanted a "Yonge" car, and turning on
to Carlton street when we were on our
way down town, a fresh calamity con-
fronted us. It seems that the city
water (like the civic elections) is not so
pure and harmless as it might be, and
Dr. Sheard has called upon the citi-
zens "to boil the water" and thereby
escape the trials of typhoid. But
there are wise articles in reputable
journals which declare that boiling the
germs or bacilli, or whatever the dan-
gerous little creatures should be called,
does not do them any good. In fact, it
irritates them and makes them feel like
playing the mischief with the human
frame. This statement may be readily
believed. We ourselves shouldn't care
to be boiled in this weather, and it's

entirely unreasonable to suppose that
frail little things like germs will take
kindly to the kettle. My own opinion
is that life is entirely too short to
spend any portion of it in fighting shy
of germs. Treat them as friends and
fellow-creatures and they will honor
your confidence and permit you to
pursue your way untroubled by typhoid.
But if you once get it into your stupid
human head that you are going to
make war on germs and bring them
to a boil you will get into the very
hottest water of your life, and germs
will stab you in the back, lurk in your
hollows and make every meal a menace.
Boiled germs are the very worst thing
you can take, and whoever is filled
therewith is unhappy.

CANADIENNE.

Oxygen in the Turkish Bath

When you take a Turkish Bath you
should have the best, the kind that not
only sweats out the poisonous skin se-
cretions, but fills the system with oxygen
at the same time.

Cook's is the only Turkish Bath in
Canada that gives a thorough supply of
oxygen—it has a ventilating equipment
found in no other Turkish Bath.

Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.
Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m.,
during the day, or all night, including
bed, \$1.00.

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202-204 King Street West, Toronto

The Best 5 cent Magazine on the
Market.

"The Four-Track News" for August.
On sale at all news-stands.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Anderson—July 31, Toronto, Mrs. James
Anderson, a son.
Burr—August 1, Bloomfield, Mrs. C. N.
Burr, a son.
Cohn—August 1, Strathroy, Mrs. Henry
Conn, a son.
Gunn—July 22, Montreal, Mrs. John A.
Gunn, a daughter.
Lindsay—July 31, Toronto, Mrs. H. Lind-
say, a daughter.
Secord—July 31, Toronto, Mrs. S. Wood-
ruff Secord, a daughter.
Watson—August 4, 1904, at 161 Jameson
avenue, Mrs. G. F. Watson, a son.

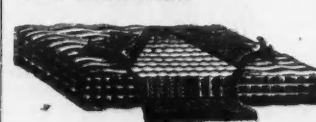
Marriages

Byre—Charlton—At St. Philip's Church,
Toronto, on August 2nd, 1904, by the
Rev. Canon Eweony, D.D., rector,
Edith Emily, younger daughter of the
late John Charlton, to Reginald Wil-

A Fine Magazine.

Just out, "The Four-Track News" for
August. Only 5 cents, any newsdealer.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users
testify as to its Comfortable,
Healthy and Durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest.
See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

Ilan Eyre of Osgoode Hall, Toronto,
barrister-at-law.
Bell—Miller—Aug. 2, Toronto, Maude Mil-
ler to James M. Bell.
Burns—Sutherland—July 28, Toronto, Mrs.
Ida Sutherland to John W. Burns.
Elley—Willoughby—Aug. 3, Toronto,
Aldona Willoughby to Wilbert Elley.
Hall—Page—Aug. 2, Toronto, Lily Emma
Hall to Ralph Barlow Page, M.A.
McKichan—Brandon—Aug. 2, Toronto,
Amy Margaret Brandon to Matthew
Donald McKichan, M.D.
Shine—Barker—Aug. 2, Toronto, Annie
Barker to Dr. Francis Epps Shine.
Sutherland—Fenton—July 27, Ingersoll,
Laura R. Fenton to George Sutherland.
Van Ingen—MacNabb—Aug. 2, Chatham,
Agnes MacNabb to William H. Van
Ingen.
Wood—Anderson—At Chatham, Ida Cath-
erine Dixon Anderson to W. A. F.
Wood, B.A.

Deaths

Garrison—Aug. 3, Toronto, Albert R. Gar-
rison, aged 83 years.
Gray—Aug. 2, Toronto, Jane Gray, aged
78 years.
Harvey—At 316 Wilton avenue, Toronto,
Margaret Harvey.
Home—Aug. 3, Toronto, Hazel Dorothy
Home, aged 9 years.
Kerr—Aug. 1, Toronto, Sophia Kerr,
widow of the late John Kerr.
Scott—July 30, Winnipeg, James Turner
Scott, of Toronto, aged 32 years.

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